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VOLUME 21 NUMBER 1

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— HOW TO **GET**
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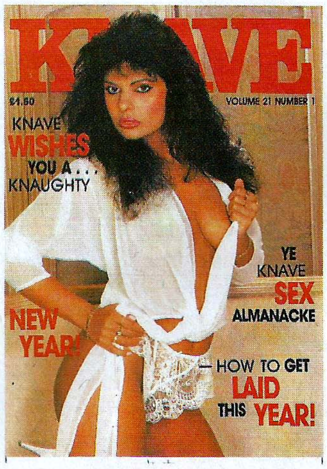
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BY AUSTIN LEGREW

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ABC

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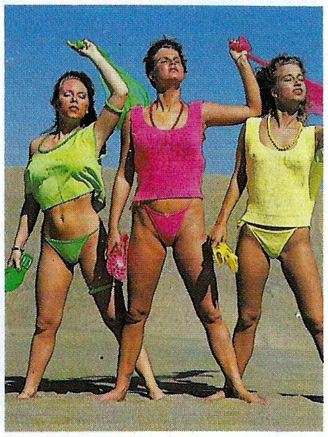
4 GIRL CHAT
Girls and Gossip

7 KNAVEL HISTORY
Rogues and rascals

8 TIKI & CO.
Photographed by Dag Öhrlund



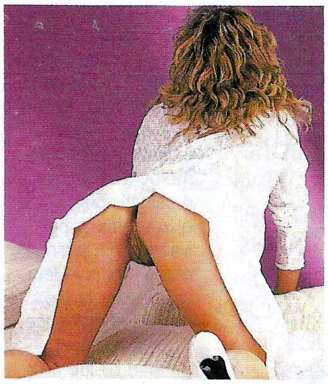
16 TEST DRIVE
A Volvo in vogue...

23 PENPOWER
Lust and laughs

25 LILA
Photographed by Geoff Hayes

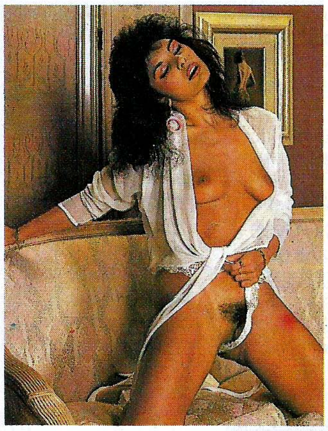
34 SLUG
Caveman capers

37 BARBARA
Photographed by Garth Ricard



44 THE EROTIC ART OF BORIS VALLEJO
Dames and dragons...

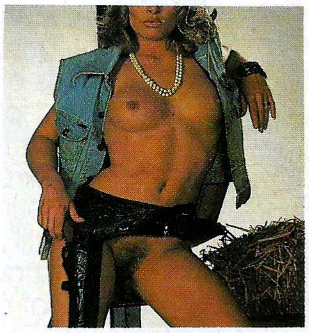
51 SHIVANI
Photographed by Austin Legrew



58 YE SEX ALMANACKE FOR 1989
Poor Des and his crystal balls...

64 VIEWFINDER
Knave's culture club

71 TRIXIE
Photographed by Ulf Stjernbo



78 A CRUISE TO OBLIVION
Knave fiction

86 MICHAELA: AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH
Photographed by James Freeman

97 WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?
Our sex counsellor!

99 SALLY
Photographed by Austin Legrew

Girl CHAT

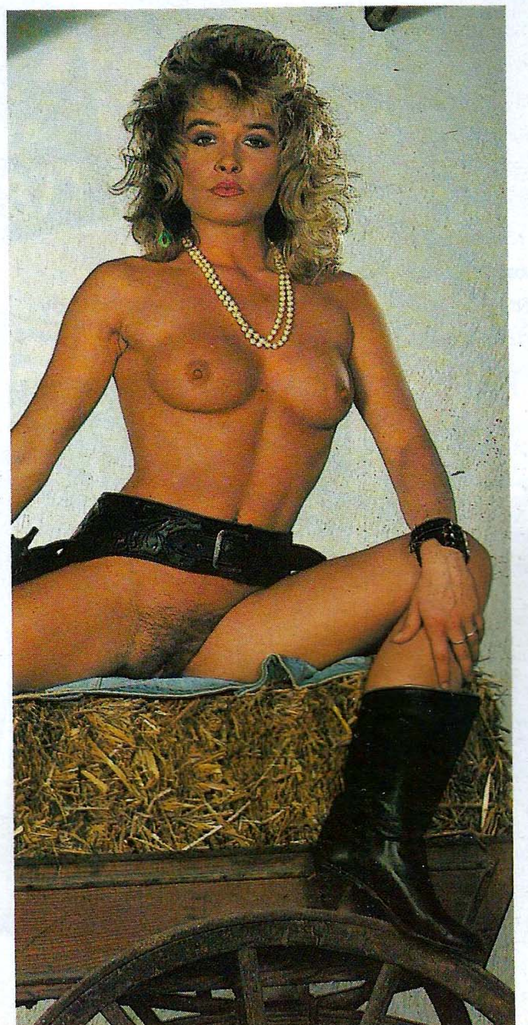
At least once a month, we like to put our tongues firmly into our editorial cheeks and take a less-than-reverent look at the lusty lasses we've got lined up in this issue of Knave. The queue for this odious task starts at the desk of the obese editor, El Gutto the Great, passes the slowly-decomposing hulk of El Barfo, the assistant bungler, and doesn't stop until it reaches the bowels of Knave Towers, the fetid habitat of Alastair, the autosexual office-boy. On the same pages, we also like to take a gentle swipe at some of the wacky and wonderful stories found in the morning newsprint. The man (???) ultimately responsible for this ludicrous load of libel, is one W.F. Guttersnipe, an inmate from the Home For The Terminally Bewildered, who is allowed out at regular intervals in an attempt to rehabilitate him into the outside world. Humour the old fool — send him any ticklish cuttings from local or national press and, if they manage to sink in through his meths-sodden grey matter and generate a giggle, we'll send you a freshly-squeezed £20 note for your trouble. The address is: Caught Short, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

LIFE IMITATING ART?

The lady in the wayward black bodice who is apparently trying to turn an elegant example of drawing room furniture into a form of roll-top desk is called Lila. She is "flashing her gems around for all to see" as the blurbist, in an entirely unexpected moment of lucidity, so succinctly puts it. She also seems to be wearing a certain amount of jewellery.

The offer of Lila's own bijou residence was, we are told, greeted by the in-house astigmatic photographer as a welcome change from Knave's own Steptoe-like studio, an emotion sneeringly taken by the blurb writer as another clear sign that "these creative types" have "no imagination". In my far from limited experience, the trouble with "creative types" is exactly the opposite. The art room and studio staff tend to combine to produce a minimalist set composed of a badly painted sunset, a small potted cactus and a half-hundredweight of builder's sand and for some demented reason assume that readers will quite happily accept this as a fair representation of High Chapparal country.

Before you ask, I cannot tell you why Lila is wearing fluffy gloves, and neither can I tell you what her name means. Personally, I always thought it was a brand of tampon, but there you go.



MEAT AND TWO VEG.

Trixie (blonde, boots, belt, buggy, Basingstoke!) is the daughter of a street vendor in the greengrocery line and finds working at *Knave* somewhat reminiscent of her home environment. "It's all above my head" states the blurb-bashing buffoon, which at least makes a change from below the belt.

To illuminate the poor pillock, I think it's a variation on the joke where the head waiter says to the Prime Minister, "What about the vegetables, madam?" — to which she responds: "The rest of the Cabinet will have steak, too."

PRAT CHAT

Sally, she of the white knickers and stockings, is described by the juvenile who wrote her blurb as this month's "token Little Miss Innocent". He feels, I take it, that she represents a picture of unsullied girlhood, a vestal delight, a stranger to the art of squeaking bedsprings, rhythmic squelchings and trying to manoeuvre your partner into sleeping on the sticky patch. Prat! I don't know where they get these naïve apprentice smutographers from these days, but the silly buggers are probably so green they think the Editor looks *sober.*

In any case, this "butter wouldn't melt" crap sits somewhat ill with the same man's claim that Sally has been responsible for "more soggy cotton than anyone else in the history of nocturnal emission," which sounds nearer to the mark. I assume the poor lad feels able to substantiate this claim from a certain amount of first-hand evidence. Or should that read 'right-hand evidence'? I think we should be told.

CHOP SUEYCIDE?

I note from the depths of my voluminous bag of press clippings that, from the summer of 1987, it has become necessary for court officials in parts of China to check protagonists in divorce cases for secreted bottles of poison.

You might well imagine, and reasonably so, that a trend had developed of the victims of unsuccessful petitions slipping a dose of smuggled toxins into the gin and tonics of their unwanted spouses at the post-hearing piss-up. Not so.

It seems that divorce remains such a shameful activity in the more conservative circles over there, that one woman whose husband was petitioning to be unspliced whipped out a bottle of the nasty stuff and attempted to top herself in court in the city of Zhengzhou. It is now reckoned that anything up to 60 per cent of Chinese couples can barely stand the sight of each other and are only kept together by this kind of social pressure.

How very different from the home life of our own dear reader. In the UK, it is also the general custom not to file for single status, but here it is the male partner in an unhappy marriage, by and large, who seeks to poison himself publicly. Very slowly, usually. In the smoke room of the Grievous Bodily Arms, or some similar licensed establishment.

One wonders, by the by, if such a dreadful stigma regarding divorce also attaches itself to the residents of Kenya. I ask because of a more recent clipping filed from Nairobi which relates the tear-jerking tale of a peasant farmer who flung his spear from a hideout, where he was lying in wait ready to ambush a gang of villains, and merely succeeded in killing one of his wives, who was crouching in a bush nearby. Uh-huh? Heartbreaking, I'm sure. Still, it certainly saves on the maintenance. I think Inspector Naka should be told.

SACK THAT BLURBIST!

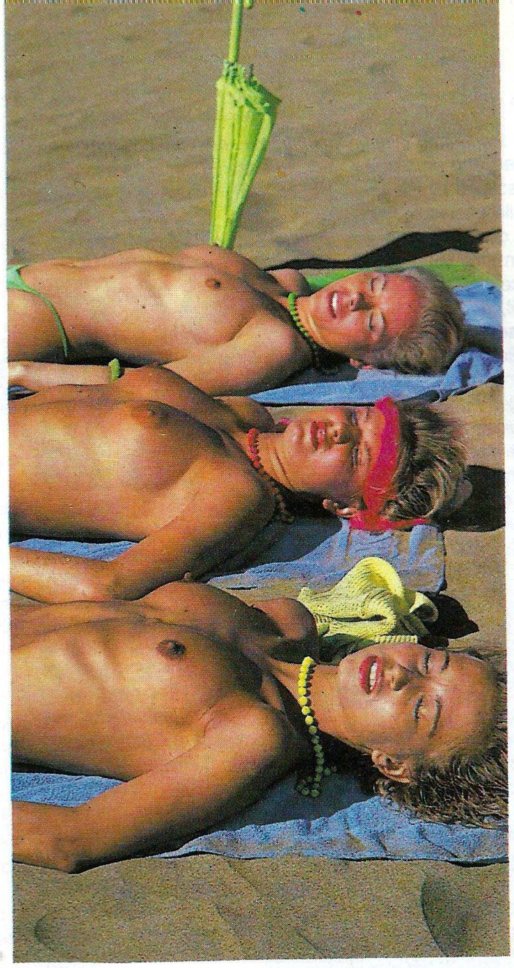
If there were a book called *Sex Without Gilt* (sic), I don't suppose this month's Amateur Model would be an avid reader. Michaela Finn (doubtless known to her friends as Micki) is the dark-haired darling from the Emerald Isle and seen here posing in the environs of a gilded bedstead. The blurbist reckons she's been a dental assistant, a motor mechanic and a shepherdess, so I was expecting a crack or two about pulling more than teeth, fending off the local wolves and how she could come round and help him with a hand-start any day — alas, is there none. Perhaps he's not reached the Feeble Humour section in the *Manual for Aspiring Girlie Caption Authors* yet. I think it's in chapter one.

PASTA EXPLOSION!

"Here's a nice pink one," proclaims the lobotomized blurbist responsible for enlightening (ha!) sundry readers regarding the charms of Barbara — it is a phrase calculated to set your myopic correspondent reaching shaky-handed for his Whizzo Atomic Super Magnifying Glass With Built-in Tissue Dispenser (19/6d from Grabbers), only to discover that the drongo was describing the *decor.* Typical. Ask these spotty school leavers to describe a small blonde explosion draped in white lace and they tell you about the wallpaper. Fucking helpful.

The unlikely legend of Barbara's rise to modeldom records the lithe lovely fighting a losing battle with an office shredding machine which left her dress "looking like a plate of spaghetti." The rest, they say, is history. Knowing this magazine as I do, I can imagine that it is less than half the tale. In a more realistic scenario, El Gutto the gross and inebriate Editor returns from a lunchtime's liver-bashing at the Rat and Handbag Cocktail Bar, sees the dress, thinks that it *is* a plate of spaghetti, eats it, finds a naked woman underneath and, thinking this a more acceptable paranormal experience than the usual flock of electric blue spiders climbing up the wall, offers her a modelling contract on the spot. And I'll bet he suggested cannellonilingus as the second course.

Girl CHAT



TRIBUTE TO TRIADS

Brief etymological research in the library of Guttersnipe mansions has revealed the existence of the unlikely aviator's phrase, 'three-pricker', derived from the ideal three-point landing and meaning anything thought, in general, to be perfect. For reasons which, for the moment, escape me, the tag seemed an entirely apposite description of Tiki, Hala and Treen, this month's trinity of beached beauties.

Regular readers will doubtless correct me with reference to an issue as recent as, say 1973, but this is the first time I can recall three sisters peeling off together for the pages of this flaccid organ. Words beginning with 'tri' spring readily to mind in reference to this triple helping of nipple, for example 'tripod', which numerous readers are by now practising impressions of, or even 'trisexual', an orientation claimed by the Assistant Editor, and one which probably would not bear closer examination. I think I'll settle for 'triumph'.

Apparently the trio from Stockholm like to do absolutely *everything* together. This suggests to me that some lucky chap should soon be submitting the phrase 'eternal rectangle' to random eminent lexicographers, not to mention the compilers of the *Grievous Bodily Arms Book Of Records.* I'm afraid I can't tell you which sister is which, but if it's any help I recall from my distant youth that Treens were what Dan Dare used to shoot at. Always knew when there was something wrong with that bloke...

RAT PASSAGE

As usual, I am indebted to the many people around the country who send me clippings from the weird and wonderful press, but this little gem was actually passed on by a friend of the Assistant Editor (he has friends?) in her final year as a student nurse.

Apparently, a chap was admitted to her ward suffering from acute constipation. After days of feeding him every laxative known to medical science with no result, they decided that the blockage must be caused by something more solid. The unfortunate fellow was taken down to X-ray, where they proceeded to take some happy-snaps of his back passage. Imagine the doctors' collective surprise upon spotting the radiographic image of the skeleton of a gerbil firmly lodged up this goon's poop-chute.

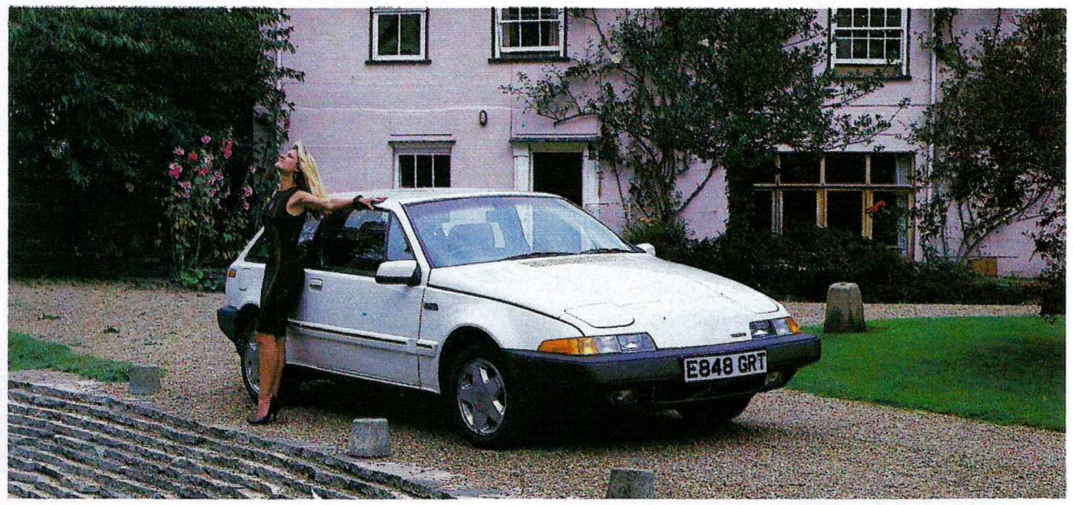
Our nursing friend did not enlarge upon in which direction the beast was pointing, but the incident puts a whole new meaning to the phrase "like a rat up a drainpipe!"

SHIVANI-PART XXVIII

My poor old memory begins to fade after so many years of drooling incontinently over naughty photographs, but I reckon it must be about five years now since Shivani — she of the Asiatic good looks and the pout at both ends — first bared all for the Knave cameras.

We are now onto the umpteenth version of her life story, having reached a version as unlikely as any other in which she set out wanting to be an air hostess. Recalling a recent flight from sunnier climes I am inclined to think the job has much in common with working in the Galaxy studio: countless pairs of sex-starved eyes glued to your tits, having to squeeze past endless human octopusses, telling sweaty, mindless oafs that what they want is not on the menu, and still smiling throughout.

The blurbist is offering a free night out at the Grievous Bodily Arms to the first reader who can recall precisely how many times Shivani has appeared in these pages. I should not enter if I were you. Anyone who has ever frequented the GBH will tell you that the second prize is probably a free week there.



Come on, be honest - who out there in Punterland hasn't made a Volvo joke at some time in their lives? Well, it's time to eat your words as ROBERT DUDLEY puts the Volvo 480 ES under the consumer microscope and finds out that driving one of these machines isn't all Barbour jackets and green wellies. Well, maybe if your wellies have go-faster stripes...

Back in the early 1960s when the most exciting thing on TV was the stitched undersides of the glove puppets in *Sooty & Sweep,* a British company hit upon the idea of updating Leslie Charteris' 'Saint' stories. The yarns, involving a gentleman crime-fighter who gravitated between the al fresco cocktail party set and unruffled fisticuffs, had already been brought to the big screen back in the '30s. Then, super-smoothie George Sanders plied his slimy wares as the couth sleuth. This time around, the idea was sold to a young(ish) actor named Roger Moore, who was resting his eyebrows after a long run in such cine-tele masterpieces as *Ivanhoe* and *The Sins of Rachel Cade.*

After the usual discussions and signing of contracts, the project was ready to roll: the only detail missing was the make of motor the smarmy Simon Templar would drive. To emphasise the hectic life-style and innate virility of our Simes, it was decided that Templar should be seen behind the long, plunging bonnet of what was then the nearest thing on wheels to a phallic symbol, the E-Type Jag. Unfortunately the car was late in coming and Rog had to settle for "the next best thing" — a Volvo P1800. A lucky break, perhaps, but the rest, as they say, is histrionics. A regular weekly slot in the top rated TV show did more for the car than might any number of costly telly ads (or 'commercials' as they were then) and the swish Volvo quickly became regarded as something of a classic, ranking alongside the likes of big screen rival 007's Aston Martin DB6.

Better than this, it established its manufacturer as a Serious League sports car producer. This was, to put it mildly, a bit of a departure: fire-breathing 100mph+ coupes did not exactly go hand in string-backed racing glove with Volvo's long line of frumpy but reliable four-doors. Indeed you could say that

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDY MORGAN

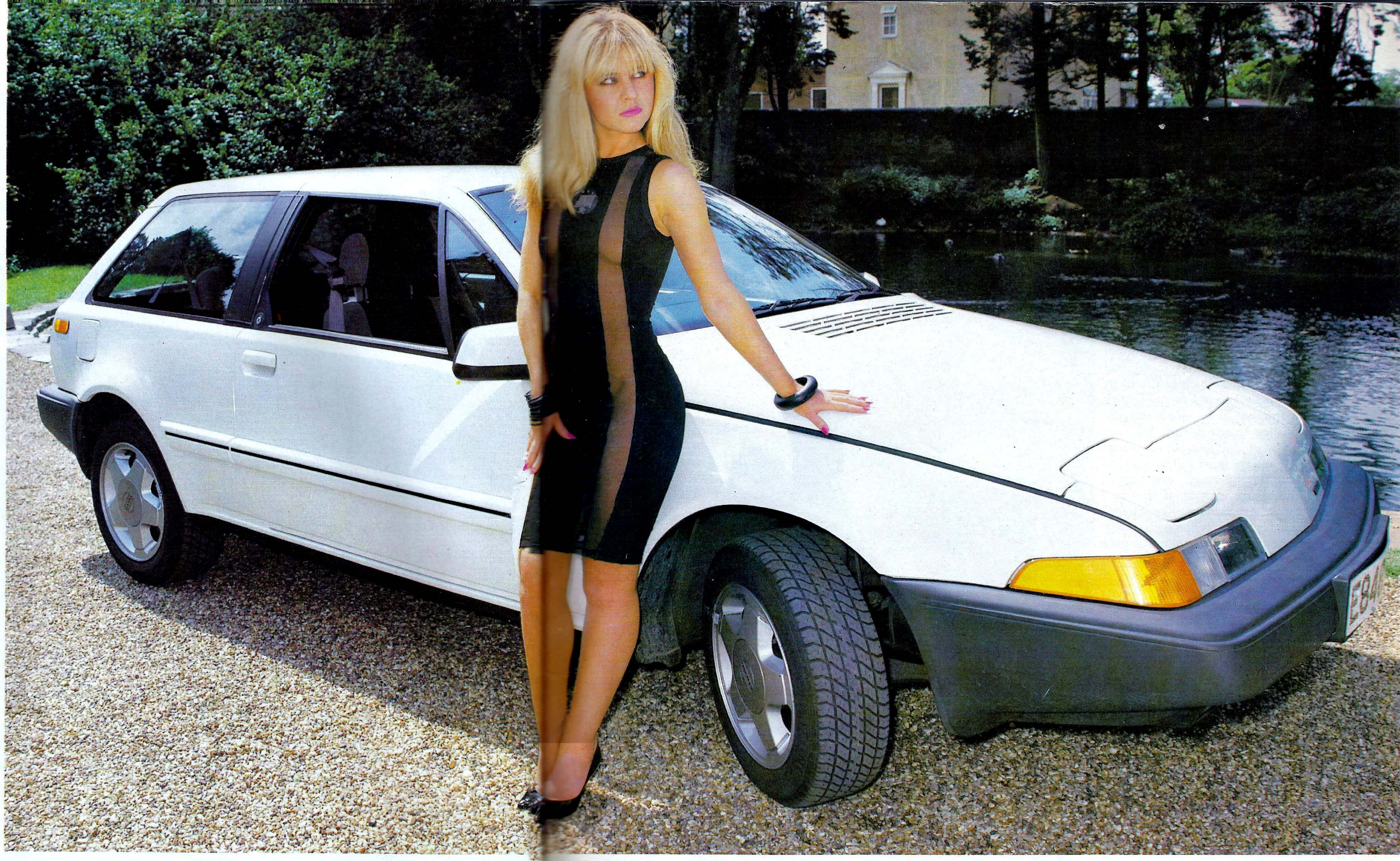
continued from the previous page

until the advent of the 'Saint-mobile', Volvo was to sports cars what Dick Turpin was to the neighbourhood watch scheme. The company's only previous genuine sportster, the P1900 of the mid-'50s, stretched to a production run of just 70-odd cars.

The P1800 was a remarkable car in many ways, not the least of which was the fact that it was manufactured, albeit briefly, in Britain. Production took place at the Jensen Motors works at West Bromwich, from 1961 onwards, using bodies stamped at the Pressed Steel Company's Linwood plant (an unlikely situation which came about as a result of the Swedish company's Gothenburg factory being chock-a-block with more mainstream Volvos like the PV544). However the project was cursed with all manner of delays and quality problems and assembly was ultimately transferred to the company's new plant at Torslanda in 1963, the car re-emerging as the 1800S (for Sweden) later that year. There then followed ten years of mods and derivatives during which time the svelte Scanda staked its claim to being the car for the upwardly mobile executive.

Through its various changes of factory and badging, the car underwent some pretty strenuous performance reworks. Early P1800s with the house B18 engine of 1780cc had a top speed of around 105mph. A sportier 2.0 litre version, featuring the Volvo B20 unit, came along in 1968. With the introduction of the Bosch-injected 'E' in 1969, Volvo's Swede-with-speed found little difficulty in clocking up a cool 110mph on its small, round speedo. By the end (1973) 'top' had been pushed up to more than 115mph — which is pretty good going even now but was then cruise missile class for a normally aspirated two litre car. No wonder the Gothenburg Go-cart even attracted the interest of buyers who were previously rather inclined to take the P out of the poor old PV544.

Aside from its importance as a manifestation of the 'Mr Hyde' side of Volvo's otherwise predominantly 'Dr Jekyll' character, the car is also interesting inasmuch as the last of its several derivatives, the 120mph 1800ES (Electronic Sweden) of 1971, featured Reliant Scimitar-style 'fast estate' flanks. These hindquarters bear what can only be described as an uncanny resemblance to those of the company's first sports car for more than 20 years...the 480 ES.



Check it out for yourself. This visual similarity, surely too strong to be a matter of coincidence, introduces a strong element of continuity into the development of Volvo's sportster for the '80s. There's another big influence on the car's (in-house) styling. Export orders. The ultimate success of the flying Dutchman will depend on how it performs in the world's largest single market — North America — and the aggressive wedgy profile, tricksy rear light clusters and that appallingly contrived under- bumper Volvo grille tell you as much. The whole effect, while striking and by no means unattractive, borders on the 'Japanese.' Indeed, the car could easily be mistaken for a Honda — which isn't really that surprising given the remarkable similarity of the Dutch machine to its sprightly Eastern doppelganger, the Aerodeck 2.0 EXi.

For all its modishly mid-Atlantic metalwork, the stylish 480 effectively lays to rest the enduring image of Volvos built like tanks and driving like armoured support vehicles. Another myth seen off by the advent of the company's sporty contender is that of cars put together with a Swede's eye for detail and built to cope with the harsh terrain and climate which is par for the course in that neck of the Scandinavian woods. Regardless of what you might have been lead to expect by the manufacturer's rough hewn heritage, the company's latest offering is assembled not in the frozen wastes of Sweden but in the rather more temperate climes of Holland by Volvo Car BV — i.e. what used to be called Daf.

Students of popular misconception may derive some amusement from this common misunderstanding as to where Volvos are really built. By the same token, tech heads will warm to the truly cosmopolitan nature of the beast's innards. You could say that the spirit of Huub Van Doorne and his Variomatic creations lives on in the aerodynamic form of Volvo's quirky machine. Certainly the non-conformist 480 represents as eclectic a set of lessons as characterised such efforts as the 44, 55 and 66.

In the 480's case, power comes from France in a crate marked Renault, but attends finishing school run by a headmaster who goes by the name of Porsche. The effect of this further education is to strengthen the mechanical fibre of the multi-point injected power plant, with mods including a flat Heron head for greater efficiency plus a number of reinforced components which should do justice to the Volvo longevity promise.

The basic unit is the 1721cc four-cylinder job as found in the Renault 5, 9, 11, 21 et al, but by the time that Volvo and its Board of Governors have had their way, power has been pushed up to 109bhp at 5,800rpm.

Of course, there's the obligatory assortment of electronic engine bits and other high-tech trimmings. These include electronic ignition plus Renix-style fuel injection. To watch over said syringes and prevent the unit developing 4-star withdrawal symptoms, there's a super-sophisticated micro food processor, the usual side order of chips, a choice of vegetables and a selection of desserts from the sweet trolley. As you'd expect of a new generation sports coupe, the ooh-la-la lump with its injection of Dutch courage and 'Porker' per-

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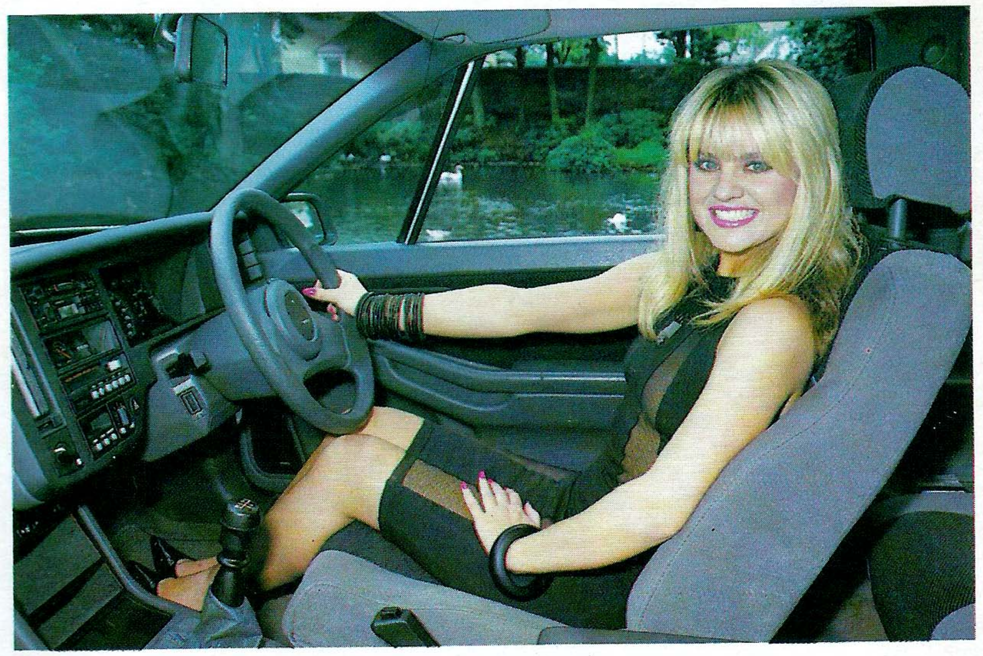
formance drives the aggressively honed projectile through the front wheels. This is novel in itself bearing in mind that it's a feature Volvo once said it would never build into its cars. Again the gearbox is of basic Renault design, though it has been fine-tuned, strengthened and assembled by the Netherlands firm. The 'change itself is generally fairly positive though first can be notchy until the thing has well and truly warmed up.

The sum total of this engineering exchange programme is a machine which is never quite the performer those sharkish good looks might lead you to expect, but which can hold its own in most situations. Communicating 100mph from pedal to speedo may be long distance telegram stuff but you shouldn't worry unduly. A few smart gear shifts and the beast will be pointing its tail into the slip-stream, urged on by some enthusiastic rowing of the 'box. Driven in such a manner — i.e. HARD — the thing is as fast as you'd like. Only if concentration lapses or you fall prey to a lazy left hand does progress become retarded and the limitations of the French power pack loom large on the bonnet lid.

It is not so much that the 480 is underpowered — rather the chassis always gives the impression of being up to a whole lot more than the 109bhp lump can serve up. Certainly it doesn't come as much of a surprise to learn that the company have developed a much more potent turbo version for owners wanting a bit more red-blooded performance meat in their Volvo safety sandwich. In the case of our un-blown variant, the engine does most of its best work between 3,800 and 5,800revs, but gets a wee bit vocal at engine speeds in excess of 4,000rpm. It is never raucous as such; rather there is a muted and largely inappropriate hum which builds towards 5,000rpm and does not exactly encourage you to stoke the motor. Asthma sets in long before the 6,250rpm cut-out.

The ride of the beast echoes this emphasis on restraint. While the 480's promisingly sophist underpinning of front struts, lower wishbones and an anti-roll bar and rearward dead beam axle, Watts linkages and an anti-roll bar (Alfasud owners should get a buzz out of this menu) copes admirably with what power there is and remains untroubled by most of the rubbish latter day John McAdam's dish up under the misleading title 'A-roads', minor surface imperfections like tarred joins and the bodies of dead animals can set the svelte sportster all a-joggle. Even then the car is never exactly uncomfortable. Just a little lively.

That it holds itself so well over a variety of such variable quality road coverings is thanks largely to the gripability of its soles. The Pirelli 600s sucker the dirt like a tramp with his jaws wrapped round a jam jar full of meths, imparting complete credibility to the Volvo safety brag. This adherence to the road surface is maintained no matter how hard you push the machine. You need to be very silly to unsettle this one. Handling is very obviously biased toward understeer and the chassis fairly supple, even if the rear wheels do tend to tramline in mimicking those at the front. Steering is precise if a little insensitive at times. It is all very safe. Very Volvo.



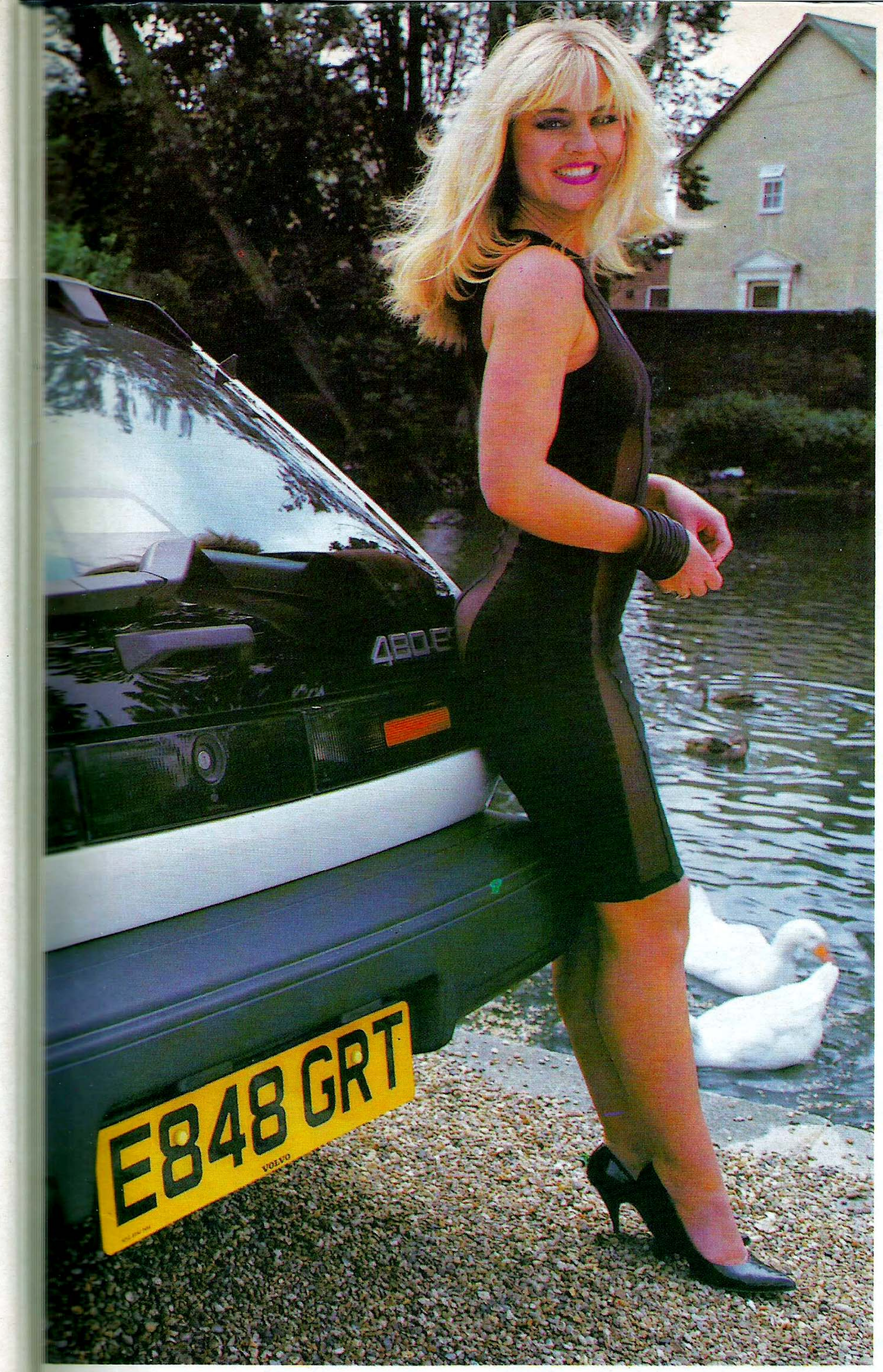
As a result, the 480 ES coupe is as predictable as the plot of an old Carry On film. As the company bleats in its sales literature: "A Volvo must always handle the way the driver expects. Excitement is for the racetrack." True to its word, the Volvo's top speed works out to a reasonably unexciting 110mph but there is some consolation in the fairly rapid sprint to 60mph (under 10.0 seconds if you work at it). There is also a fair amount of torquey flexibility in the intermediate gears, though not in long-legged top.

Through all this the 480 sips its 4-star with almost Temperance League restraint. Around 30mph or more should be possible for non-hooligans or indeed anyone who isn't obsessed by the need to overdose on fossil fuel. Compared to this, the car's rivals — most obviously the hard-drinking Honda — begin to look like part of an insidious attempt by the oil companies to boost the forecourt trade in free wine glasses and coffee mugs.

This emphasis on the 'user-friendly' extends to the confines of the Volvo's passenger compartment. Here, the whole effect is to create what might be termed "a class act". Soft touch grey plastic and some really excellent colour co-ordinated cloth upholstery blend to create an environment which is about a quantum leap above the class average. Introduce Volvo's quasi flight simulator dashboard into the equation and the result is a cockpit which stays on the tasteful side of modern but doesn't want for information or visual appeal.

Nice dials. Nice fluorescent bits. Nice list of equipment, too. Not only does Dutch generosity extend to central locking, a remote controlled fuel filler cap and electro-mirror manoeuvre but our clog-footed cousins also install a custom fit anti-burglar buzzer to ward off the brutish likes of Thieving McBurglar. Useful that. Kind of makes it doubly disappointing that there is no sign of a sunshine roof. The importer will charge you £178 for such a nicety — extra to fit it. A rather more surprising oversight — especially in view of the parent company's obsession with safety and the merits of good design — is the lack of provision for tell-tale red warning lights on the inside edges of the doors. You'd have thought they would have picked up on that one.

Apart from this one glaring omission the car is heavy on creature comforts. The upholstery is uniformly comfortable, every-which-way-adjustable and even heated for that hot-botty sensation so beloved of the Dutch outfit's Scanda masters. And get a lungful of the 480's fresh air fixation. Even without recourse to the car's battery operated window lifters, super-serious bursts of atmospheric activity are available on demand. Indeed with the 480's bank of no less than *six* air vents it is possible to have a veritable typhoon blowing up your trouser leg at the flick of a switch. Never mind the excess of plastic grilles at the expense of a sensible-sized glovebox — check out the hyper-ventilation ventilation! Windy city! *(Flippin' draughty! — Ed)*



The constraints of the dashboard cubby hole are not, fortunately, carried over to the space provided for human baggage. There's plenty of carcass stowage up front for two beefy adults. The same is true at the back. Rear headroom may not be quite so great but unlike most coupes — especially the Japanese ones — the 480 does not restrict its rear appeal to the likes of Hieronymous Stumpy and his Dwarfish cousins. At the same time, Volvo have built in plenty of back seat comfort, designing the 480 as a genuine four seater rather than the "five-seater-but-the-last-of-the-quintet-will-have-to-sit-on-the-hump-between-the-two-rear-chairs-with-an-armrest-orthopaedically-stuffed-up-the-small-of-their-back" that some other motor builders get away with. To achieve this honest "four-but-no-more" set-up, there's a massive locking box between the rear passengers which doubles as an armrest. A clever addition, this, to what is already a long list of oddment trays and storage bins. This Volvo has more pockets than a shoplifter's anorak. There is even a boot — of sorts. Small sorts.

The total effect is all very logical and commendable and exactly what you'd expect coming from an outfit which bucked the trend and showed that terms like 'sensible' and 'safe' need not be dirty words. And of course because this is a Volvo you know for a fact that you sit protected by all the stuff you read about in the firm's adverts — front and rear crumple zones, a steel safety cage and all manner of reinforcing bits. This Rambo-tough shell, backed up by what must be the best rust-proofing package this side of Captain Nemo's Nautilus, should ensure that unlike some rocket shoppers which are prone to Yuppie burn-out syndrome after a matter of only a few years, this hot-shot Hollander should go on producing the goods for a fair few years to come *(That's enough of the sissy stuff — Ed).*

If you're about to start questioning the wisdom of a manufacturer which comes up with its first real 'performance' motor in yonks and then spends its time harking on about impact absorbing bumpers, anti-corrosive coatings and toughened steel cages rather than emphasising the car's top speed and 0-60mph time — don't bother. Volvo sell their cars on safety, not adrenalin. That said, you'd be wrong to dismiss the 480 as just another granny wagon. Sure, it's unusual. If the company's 760s and 240s are pretty eccentric stuff, then the 480 ES is Grade A Quirky. But that is part of its charm. Not for Volvo the common concerns of the Eurobox crowd. Who else in that volume-sales-orientated club would attempt to sell you a flash looking two-door with the performance of an everyday three-box saloon? Sure, in some ways the 480 is severely retro but for all that you can't help liking the thing. There's an air of honest individuality about the car which makes it almost endearing. At a time when most tin boxes are being put together with the sort of imagination usually found in the design of out-of-town superstores, Volvo have dared to be different. You have to give them credit for that. A cool £12,175 — more if you include the audio fitments — may seem harsh, but the 480 must be worth the credit bender, if only because it shows that Volvos need not be boring. It's enough to give safety a good name!

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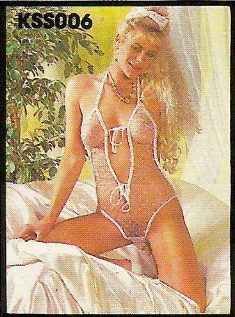
KSS001

KSS004

KSS005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KSS007

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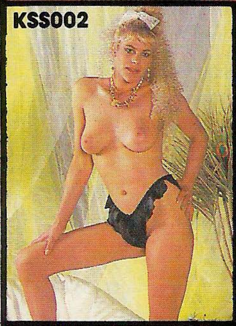
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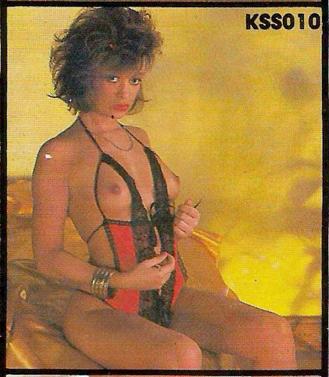
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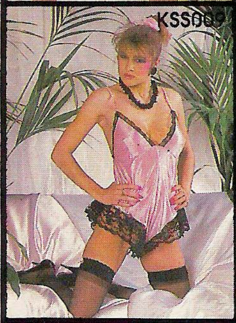
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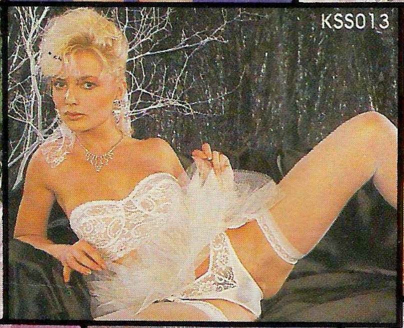
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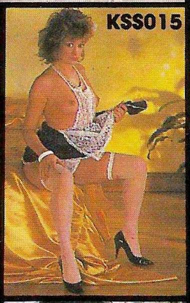
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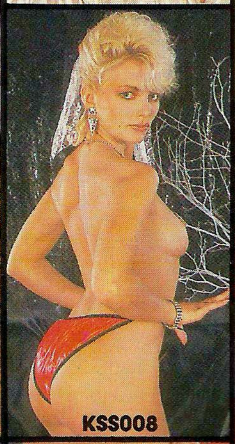
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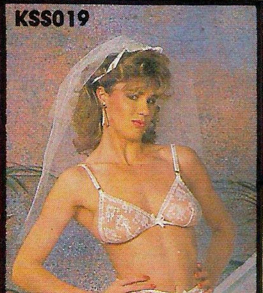
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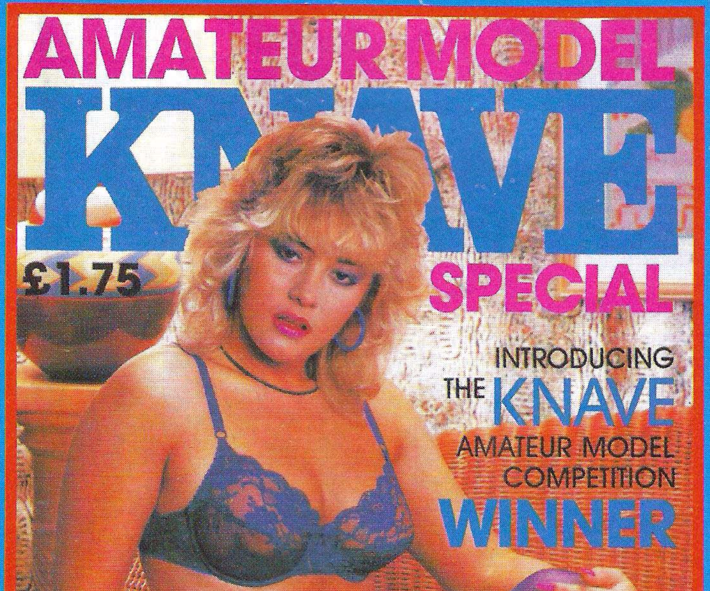
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THE EROTIC ART of Boris Vallejo

Continued from previous page

Boris Vallejo's artwork crops up everywhere. Even if you can't place the name, you're almost bound to have seen his illustrations somewhere or other. Startling realism, combined with fantasy and an ever-present inkling of the exotic and erotic are his hallmarks.

His work is not only widespread, it's varied too. At one extreme, there's the jokey, like a magazine illustration he did which pictures Conan the Barbarian flexing his mightily sinewed (and highly detailed) arms to pull the cork from a bottle of wine. In a more serious vein, you might have seen some of the covers he's produced for comic books, or the illustrations that he's done for film posters. And then there's always the workaday: examples of genre book covers from Ace, Ballantine, Dell, Doubleday, Pocket Books and Portal Publications — covers for historical romances, mysteries, gothic horror and, most famously of all, science fiction and fantasy. Amongst the characters he's painted have been Conan, Tarzan and Doc Savage.

It's not minor league stuff, either. His magazine commissions have been from the big boys. The books he's illustrated have been written by the likes of Issac Asimov, Frederick Pohl and Larry Niven.

So much for the credentials, what about the man? Boris Vallejo was born in Lima, Peru, and practised his artistic skills from an early age — usually on the walls — progressing from straight copies of Popeye to Leonardo da Vinci inspired attempts at oil painting. His love of art goes back so far that in his books he claims to be unable to remember a time when he wasn't drawing or painting.

At the age of fourteen he started taking art-classes and did the usual sort of stuff, copying old masters and the like. He's ambivalent about just how valuable his training was in contributing to his later success. He gives the impression that the technique is important but not enough by itself. The most important things seem to be getting the right attitude and achieving a realistic level of self-analysis — things which you have to learn for yourself rather than be formally taught. However, there is at least one thing he does concede about art school: it's a great place for researching naked ladies! The access he had to live models and the opportunity to study and draw them helped lay the foundations for the stunning women he's featured in the paintings which have won him commercial and critical acclaim.

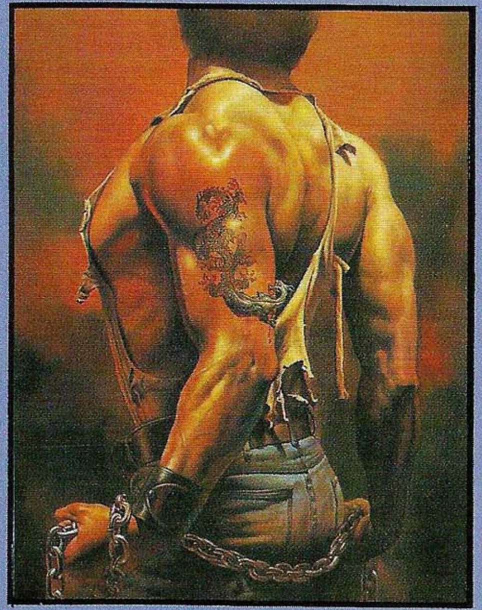
His interest in the human body is evident in his work. He obviously didn't just waste his time by merely ogling the models in his art-classes. He learned about the way they were built, and he learned how to recreate their forms with pencil, ink and paint. Likewise, the men that he paints are based on keen observation — he's kept his eyes open when he's been in the gym. It's that attention to detail which helps convey a sense of realism in his art. And that realism also holds true for the most fantastic of his creations. Even the weirdest of his fantasy beast creations is usually based on sound animal anatomy.

You don't need to scrutinize his paintings too deeply to notice that the bodies he draws are often displaying a fair amount of flesh. Hardly surprising, you might think — that's what commercial illustration and the needs of modern marketing are all about. Possibly, you'd be right. But there's more to Vallejo's work than the dictates of the marketing department. The simple truth is that he finds nudity attractive, he's interested by sexuality and he enjoys depicting eroticism.

It's eroticism that is tinged with his stylistic flair. The imagination and formidable technical skills are uniquely his own. A snake, the archetypal phallic symbol, rears up between a girl's thighs. Elsewhere women merge into snakes and other assorted reptilians becoming strange, hybrid creatures, or else they revel in the scaly grips of some apparently inhuman beast. He even manages to make a cross between a spider and a woman look sexy! Freud would have had a field day.

"He even manages to make a cross between a spider and a woman look sexy! Freud would have had a field day."

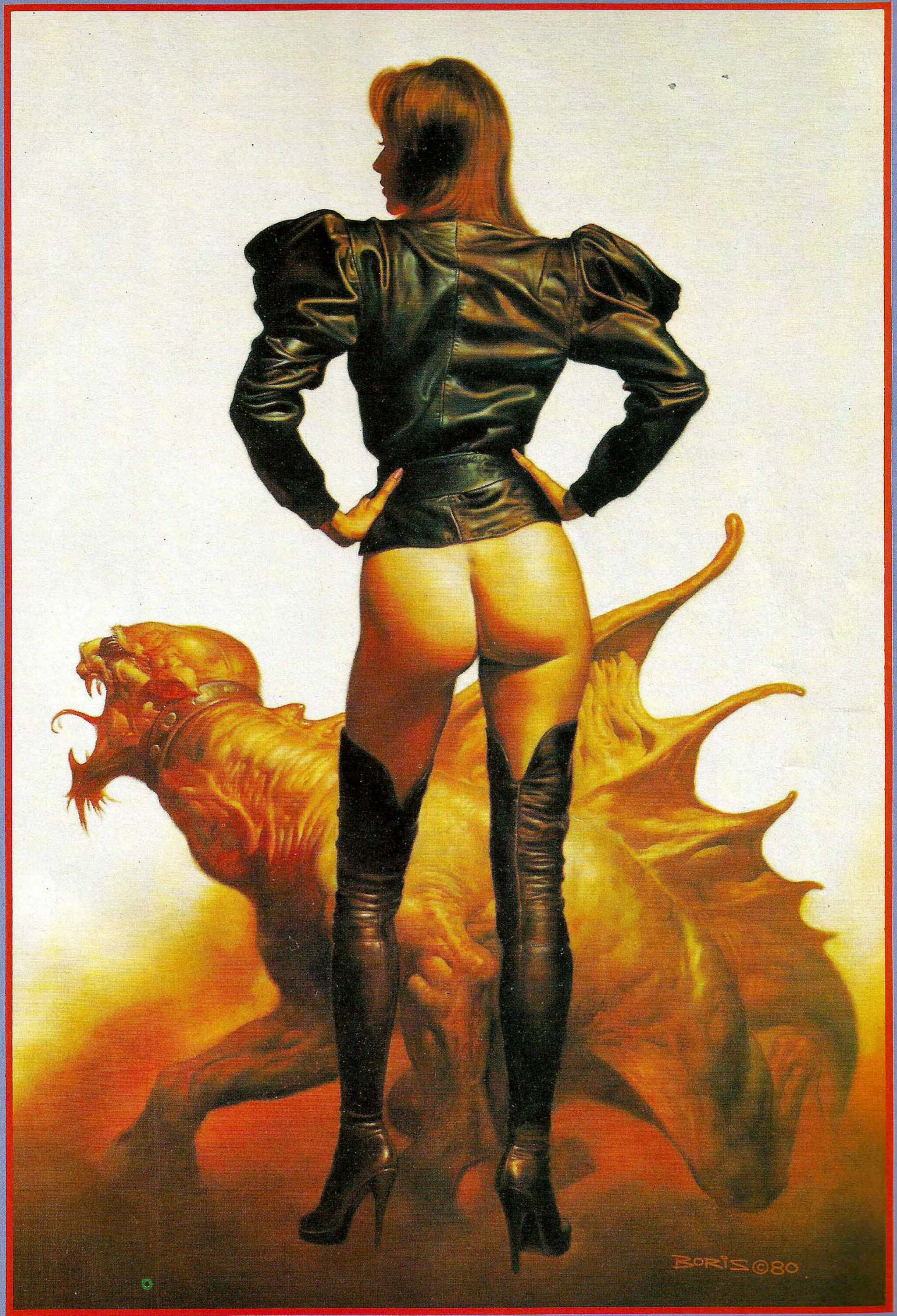
In carrying out these projects, by merging sexuality and nudity with elements of myth and fantasy, Vallejo is carrying on a tradition which started with ancient and primitive religious art. From crude stone figurines to elaborate murals, men have always used wild and fanciful imagery to directly address and say something about the human condition and about our sex drive.



Erotic art, with an emphasis on mixing the human, animal and divine, has a respectable pedigree in any number of cultures. You only have to consult such sources as the mythology of ancient Mexico or the legends of the American Indians to begin to put matters into perspective.

For confirmation, there's the potent, erotic Islamic tradition of the Middle East, the explicitness of Japanese prints, and the portrayal of orgiastic sex in Greek and Roman art — all examples which show that sex is just as fundamental (and as powerful and as much fun) as you ever thought it was. Such examples also provide evidence that sex involves not only everyday reality, but much more. Healthy sexuality depends on imagination at all levels. Vallejo's work is one way of making that plain.

It's probably true to say that no human culture has ever existed anywhere that didn't celebrate its sexuality in its art. And the graphic representation of that celebration typically mixes up the recognizable human world with



THE EROTIC ART of Boris Vallejo

Continued from previous page

one of myth, with realms of gods and monsters.

Even mainstream western art gets in on the act. For instance, there are mythological stories which constantly recur in western paintings, their themes akin to those which underlie Vallejo's art. To take one famous instance: the legend of Leda and the Swan. No sordid bestiality, just a mythological fable about the power of passion. The god Jupiter seeing a woman, Leda, bathing in a river is so aroused by her beauty that in order to get close to her he takes on the form of a swan and leaps into her arms as if though he were being pursued by an eagle. The result? Well, his ploy worked — he got close enough so that Leda later gave birth to the twins Castor and Pollux!

> **"It's precisely that region, where dream, myth and sexuality combine, that Vallejo draws his inspiration."**

That particular heady animal/god/human sexual scenario has been pictorially treated by the likes of Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Renoir, Cezanne, Beardsley and Dali. It's in precisely that region, where dream, myth and sexuality combine, that Vallejo draws his inspiration, he's in impeccable company.

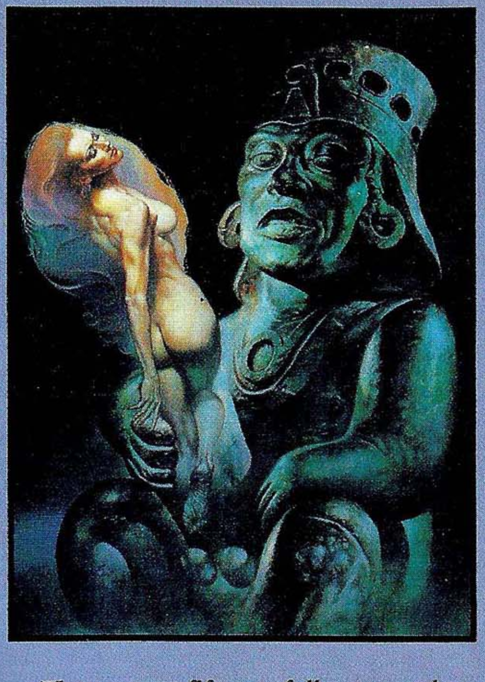
His work isn't for prudes. Although, interestingly enough, it's not particularly 'rude' when compared with some examples of his famous forebears. For instance, we couldn't get away with printing something like the sixteenth century picture by Carraci, delicately titled 'satyr copulating with a nymph'. Yet, it's precisely the sort of mythological image which Vallejo might evoke with style and restraint in such a way as to titillate but not offend.

Eroticism runs throughout Vallejo's work in general. But more specifically, he's elaborated on his interest in the erotic and, in conjunction with his wife, produced two books dedicated entirely to eroticism. His wife, Doris, a native of New York, also has a background as an illustrator. But latterly she has turned her attention to writing. It's in her capacity as a writer that she's worked with Boris on both books, providing text for his illustrations.

Mirage, the first of their books, is full of colour and magic with Doris's poetry and Boris's paintings covering a wide range of erotic moods. The solitary pleasure of female masturbation is tastefully portrayed: "I am mute flesh that the stroking of fingers can bring to sing" says the woman stimulating her secret fantasies and desires. Mermaids and winged women evince the gentler side of sex with their deft caresses and playful lovemaking. The more powerful passions of lust emerge in brooding portraits of men of heroic stature. But that's not to say that women are always passive. Woman as siren, woman as dominator and woman as manipulator also stalks these pages.

The emphasis is on erotic effect, not coarseness. The one thing you don't get is graphic close-ups or a lurid concentration on the mechanics of the sex act. Much more important are the subtleties — the expression in an eye, body language shouting its message from suggestive poses, the way that light and colour play around the voluptuous curves of a body. The power of sexuality seem all the stronger when its case is understated and allowed to work quietly. The poem-like text and the illustrations work together like a mirror which you can gaze in to discover the secrets of your own desires and inclinations.

Their second book ***Enchantment*** has a slightly different format. It's got a similar range of illustrations and some of the same recurring motifs. For example the mysterious sensuality of the moon serves as the backdrop for weird lovers to enjoy each other's bodies. The transcendant beauty of woman and the animal power she can command are done as powerfully as ever.



There are fifteen full-page colour illustrations, each accompanied by a short story exploring a particular area of sexual desire. Seduction, voyeurism, magical sex, frightful revenge, gentle orgasm and more violent encounters. The sexual charge behind well known figures of myth and folklore such as the Sphinx and the Vampire. The text is frank, often explicit, yet never one dimensional — a potent and sexually charged accompaniment to the artwork.

It has been said that one of the defining characteristics of truly erotic art is that it not only relates to sex, but also places sex in a wider emotional context. If that is true, then the paintings and sketches of Boris Vallejo are perfect examples of erotic fantasy art. And as such, can be recommended to people who care about both sex and other people.

Mirages (96 pages with 29 colour and 12 black and white illustrations) is published by *Paper Tiger* books at £12.95 hardback, £7.95 limpback.

Enchantment (108 pages with 15 colour and 32 black and white illustrations) is published by *Paper Tiger* books at £11.95 hardback, £7.95 limpback.

Boris Vallejo — Fantasy Art Techniques (128 pages with 80 colour and 54 black and white illustrations) complete with a foreword by Isaac Asimov is a book which looks at his working methods and techniques demonstrating how he proceeds from using polaroids of live models to eventually finishing his oil painting. It is published by *Paper Tiger* books at £12.95 hardback and £7.95 limpback.

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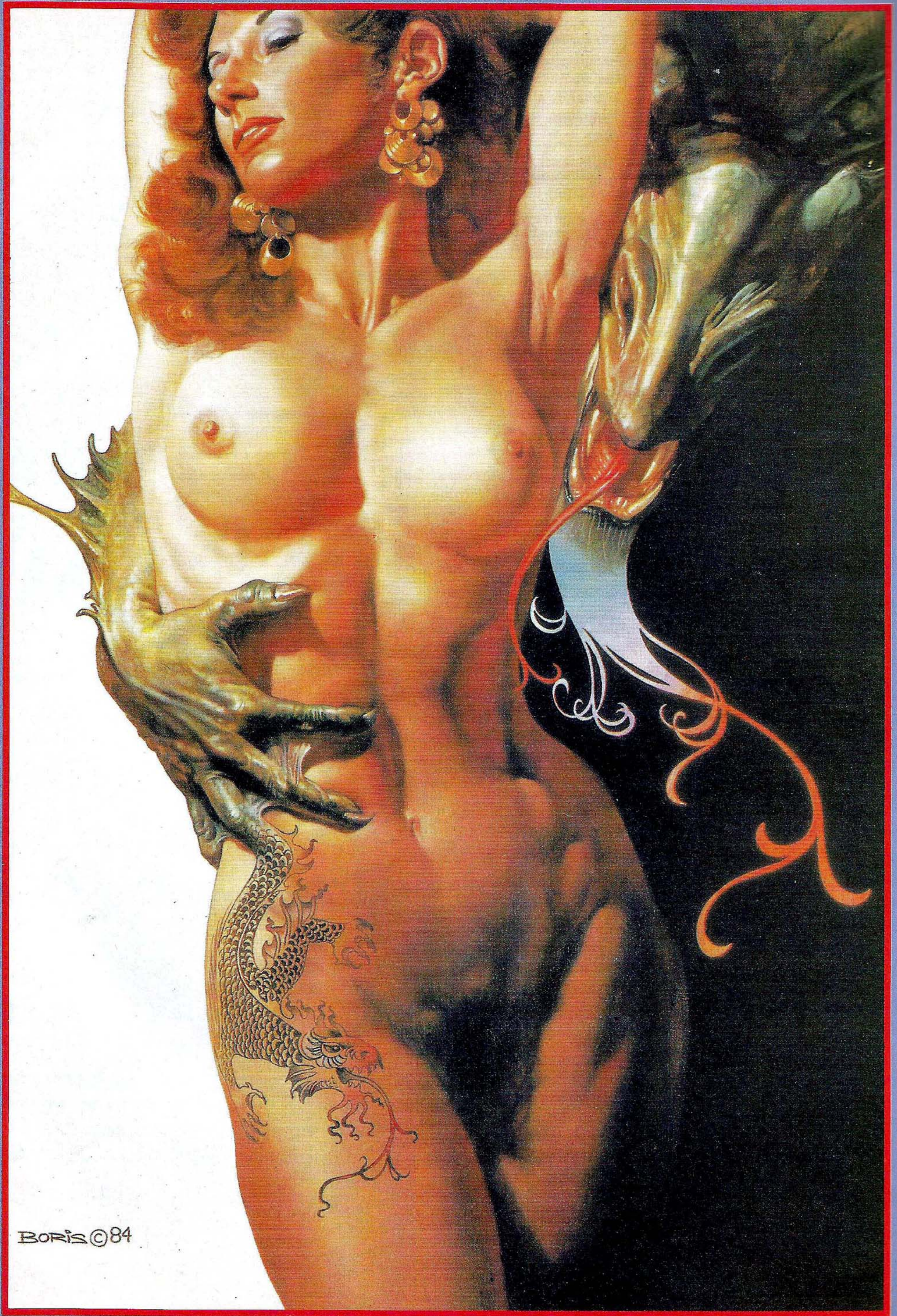

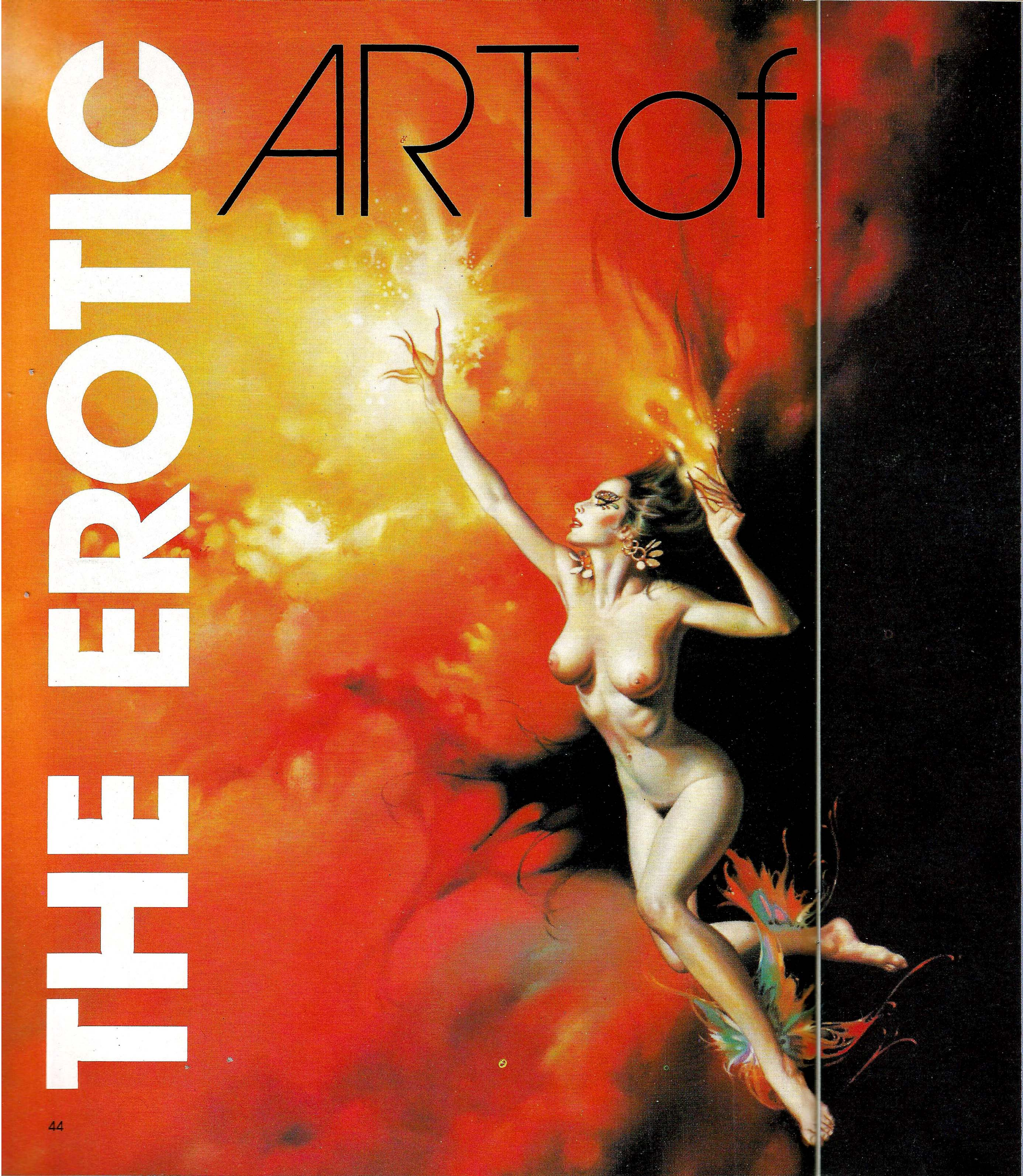

THE EROTIC ART of Boris Vallejo

Weird and wonderful is only the beginning of it all. ANDY OLDFIELD, Knave's resident man of letters and dabbler in arcane delights, enters a maelstrom of bizarre imagery to profile the erotic fantasy art of Boris Vallejo.

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YE SEX ALMANACKE FOR 1989

What will the year ahead be like? In every other newspaper or magazine the astrologers ask themselves 'will you be happy? Will you be rich?' Bugger all that, we say, and ask the important questions like 'will you get laid?' and 'why not?' **Des Perrot** gazes into his crystal balls and comes up with the answers.

JANUARY

Our Prediction:

You will make a New Year's Resolution to have more sex this year.

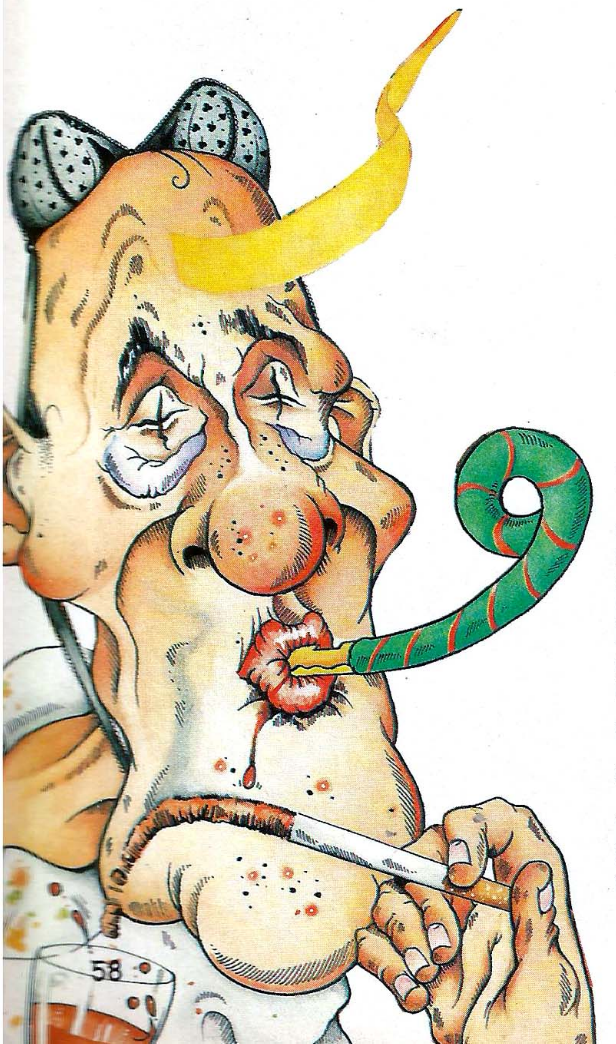
At the big New Year's Party you will utterly fail to get off with Jan. She will start out cold but then, around the 10th, the Big Freeze will set in and you find yourself getting a frosty reception whenever you try to warm her up – if you catch my snow drift. You will continue to get a cold shoulder from the two-faced slag until the end of the month.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Tory MP Sir Richard Dastardly, back bench spokesman for Health and Baby-Eating, found in a snowdrift with Flossie, a prize Ayreshire sheep. He later explains, "I only pulled the sheep on top of me to keep warm, and I only took all my clothes off because it was bloody hot in that snowdrift."

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You take out a year's subscription to Knave, and are seen fashionably waving the magazine at Gstaad.



FEBRUARY

Our Prediction:

You will send three dozen Valentine's Day Cards to every woman in your address book, from Franny Addams (your VAT inspector) to Fiona Zybisko (your dental floss salesperson), but you only get the usual one from your mum.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Keiron O'Smarm, jovial Irish presenter of 'Show Us Your Bottom' – top rated celebrity Quiz show – will be fired from television for absent mindedly forgetting to remove the Japanese Love Cubes while interviewing a member of the Royal Family.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You carry a copy of Knave along to the solicitor's meeting at which you're told you've inherited five million pounds.

MARCH

Our Prediction:

A tough month, I'm afraid. You get talked into joining the fundamentally United Christian Knowitalls and go on an Anti-Filth March, hoping to get off with busty, dominating Sister Margaux, the organiser.

But when it comes to the crunch and you are required to cast onto a fiery furnace an armful of copies of that rare back issue of *Knave* featuring Jackie from Slough in the cutaway leathers you can't go through with it, and flee screaming to the nearest pub.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

The Reverend Billybob Bullslinger, of the United Drive-In Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Nazis, over from the United States of Intolerance in order to assist the big F.U.C.K. campaign, will be found in a sleazy Soho love nest with Sister Margaux, Sylvie Kristel, Flossie the Sheep, Jackie from Slough and Keiron O'Smarm, assorted whips, boots, chains and a lifetime's supply of nasal vibrators.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You don't go down the pub. You should stick around and watch all those repressed F.U.C.K. girls fall under the influence of Jackie from Slough.

APRIL

Our Prediction:

You'd love to get into the shower with April, but she turns out to be the kind of health and efficiency freak who'd only take a cold shower after a 25-mile jog up and down Crouch Hill. You find that briskly walking to the pub tires you out completely, and in order to revive yourself you need a life-restoring infusion of six pints of Newkie Brown, two plates of burgers and greasy fries and a pack of Old High Tar snouts.

You spend a pleasant day reading Knave, while April has her coronary by-pass operation.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Sir Tarquin Television, glamorous young House Surgeon at St. Sharon's hospital for really, really rich sick people, will be indicted by the medical board of practice for unnecessarily fondling the internal organs of his exculsively young, gorgeous and healthy female patients.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You exchange your winter clothes (yashmak, furry bobble hat, long scarf, badge-covered anorak, long johns, airman's boots, Old Bear Grease Facial Protector) for a more stylish spring wardrobe of pastel cardigans, fluorescent pink wetsuits, bunny reeboks, and a baseball cap with a witty 'SHAG ME QUICK' message.

MAY

Our Prediction:

On Mayday you get to dance around a maypole with the pretty young May. However, you should have paid more attention to those Morris Dancers, because you wind up tied to the maypole just as the Nutley Women's Institute decides to hold its ethnologically correct Spring Fete and sacrifice the most useless male in the tribe for the good of the crops...

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Ronald McDonald will be revealed to have had a passionate affair with a Russian spy, discovered when the restaurants start serving Beet MacRoots, Tank MacDivisions, Vodka MacVodka, and Egg MacBorscht. The scandal is only noticed when someone from the Board of Trade discovers that the fast food outlets have been reclassified from 'Catering Industry' to 'Labour MacCamps'.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You don't get burned at the stake by Mrs Antrobus and Mrs Snell on the first of May.

JUNE

Our Prediction:

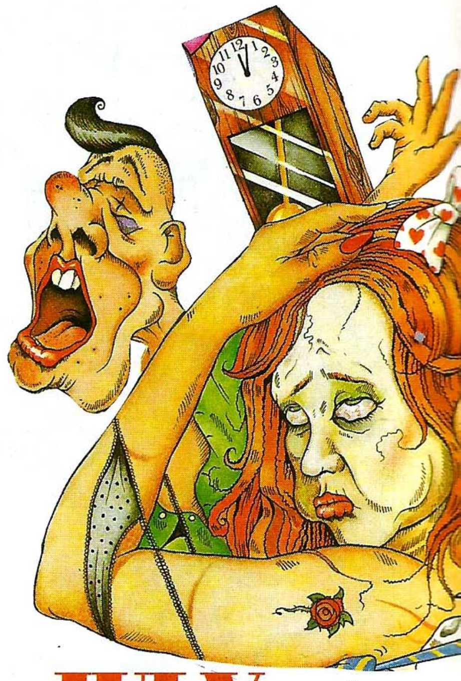
June will be busting out all over, and you'll be dying to give her one. "I wouldn't bust all over you if you were the last man on Earth" she tells you. Later on in the month you'll have a good laugh when you hear that June has spontaneously combusted while going down on your local rates adjustor.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Betty Rhys Williams, your local Hang 'em and flog 'em County Councillor, will be revealed by the Sunday Spurt to be a peculiar anatomical freak: her liver is in her right foot, her pancreas between her breasts, her brain mysteriously absent, her conscience surgically removed during a gall-bladder operation, and her clitoris in her handbag.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You send a dozen long-stemmed roses to your councillor's handbag.



JULY

Our Prediction:

To celebrate American Independence Day, you will try to get off with West Coast porn movie starlet Julie Goodsex. Known as 'The Woman Who NEVER Says No', Julie is known to have slept with the most repulsive people in the world, including all the seven dwarves, Keiron O'Smarm, George Formby, several traffic wardens, and the Fiesta office boy. According to her profile in Knave, this girl has a man every three hours, her head will explode, and you find yourself miraculously trapped in a lift with her for a whole afternoon...

When you've scraped the bits of brain off your clothes, you go down the pub.

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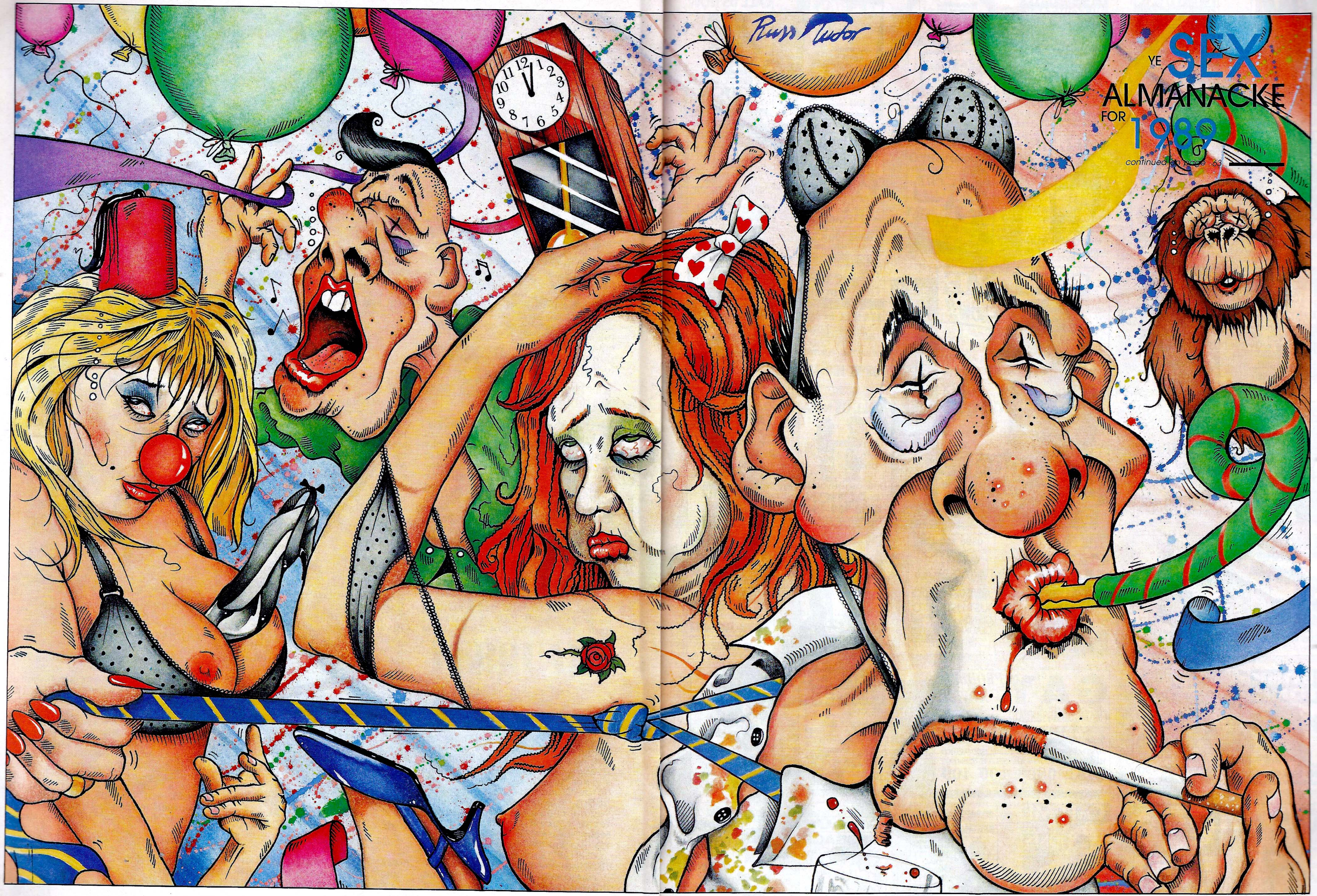


YE SEX ALMANACKE FOR 1989

continued on page 63

YE SEX ALMANACKE FOR 1989

continued from page 61

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Colin Dale, freelance writer and street cleaner, a man who gets even less sex than you, will single-handedly destroy the ozone layer, thus melting the polar ice caps and destroying the world, by over using aerosol pheremone sprays standing in the middle of Waterloo Station during rush hour, shouting, "Look at me Girlies! I'm Shaggable!"

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You use roll-on pheremone sprays and therefore don't cause the deaths of all the women in the world.

AUGUST

Our Prediction:

You will go off to sunny Spain for a month of Sun, Fun, Sand, Lager, Chips, Grease and – you're sure – some sex. You find yourself in the company of Augusta Von Hitler MacGooliebong, a German Tourist who fancies you something rotten.

"Ach, mein kleine Englische Leibfraumilch, willst du mir shaggen all nachtsmusik?" she asks you. By the third day you decide not only that you can't, but that you don't want to any more. You are particularly upset when you awake one morning with a particularly severe lager and burger hangover to discover her screaming "Raus! Raus! Achtung, Englische Schweinhund!" at your dick.

You spend the next day tunnelling out of your chalet before escaping with false papers to neutral territory (Gibraltar).

This month's big sex scandal will be:

Sorry, it's the Silly Season, so all the scandals will be pretty trivial. For example: Dino the skate-boarding duck will be found in a love nest with another duck; Tory Minister found awake during a constituency Meeting; Rock star found in bed with cake crumbs; page 3 girl found in bed with a duvet.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You get to the pool before the Germans.

SEPTEMBER

Our Prediction:

You will go to the village Harvest Festival, keeping well away from the Women's Institute, who, however, track you down, truss you up, and display you between the marrows and the leeks.

There are no girls with names even vaguely like September, so don't expect any sex this month.

You keep well away from the village's new Corn Dolly Maker, Septimus Froot, who makes eyes at you constantly and keeps inviting you down to his rented cottage for all-night dolly stuffing sessions.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

The revelation that Samantha Cow, star Page 3 girl, has been trying to get away from it all by posing as a male corn-dolly maker. Mrs Snoopynose, the village Post Mistress, will tell the Financial Times:

"I always wondered why young Septimus had enormous breasts, wore a skirt and talked like a woman. We were all certain he was a woman, but then the retired Colonel from the Grange pointed out that it was highly unlikely that a woman would be running after that wimpy bloke that young Septimus seemed to have his lustful eye on."

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You're a little less stupid.

OCTOBER

Our Prediction:

To celebrate the October Revolution you will go on a Club 18-45 Autumn break to Vladivostock. While you are down in the disco listening to illegal Glenn Miller Records, you get to chatting to Oktobriana Svetlana Mikhaelovna and the subject of sex comes up. Unfortunately, what you don't realise is that 'Please please fuck me now, big stud,' is Russian for 'Comrade, would you like to join the Red Army for twenty years? Or that 'Cor, really? Wow, hubba hubba, let's hit it now, slobber slobber,' is Russian for 'Certainly, Comrade, I realise it is my sacred socialist duty and nothing less, take me to the recruiting office.'

This month's big sex scandal will be:

A retired lady schoolteacher in an English country town will be inviting boy scouts in when they come round 'trick or treating', and turning tricks.

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You pay some attention to your Russian Evening classes.

NOVEMBER

Our Prediction:

Nova Caine, the British Consul who will ransom you from the Red Fist Socialist Suicide Division asks you to take a secret message back to her superior in London, code named 'V'. You are expecting some pretty damned brain boggling sex as luscious lady superspies try their best to get the message out of you, but owing to governmental cutbacks you get given a third-class ticket on the Trans Siberian Express and have to ride three thousand miles with only your marmite sandwiches for company.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

A Cabinet Minister's career is ruined when it is revealed that he is the man who rescued Giles Brandreth from the November 5th bonfire in your village...

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You get off the cow catcher on the trans-Siberian Express, and go and ride in the goat pens instead. Not much more likely, but a bit...

DECEMBER

Our Prediction:

Desiree, Santa's little assistant, asks you what you want for Christmas, and you say lots and lots of shagging. She checks her list twice to see if you've been good, then hands over some socks and a Care Bears Aftershave Gift Pack.

You will make a New Year's Resolution to have more sex next year.

This month's big sex scandal will be:

You see Momma kissing Santa...

You are more likely to have sex this month if:

You remember to buy *both* the copies of Knave published in December.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Hot from her whistle-stop tour of Middle-Eastern brothels and sexologists conventions, our resident lady of the couch, the highly-respected and over-paid BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, continues with her soul-gladdening and wallet-fattening mission to bring sexual fulfillment to the ordinary people. Problems, problems — everyone's got 'em and don't you like to talk about it? Save the sob stories for the ubiquitous Ms. Noire — we're all off down the pub!

Q: I found a stack of explicit and, quite frankly, nauseating magazines hidden away in my husband's toolshed. These were about subjects we have never even discussed, let alone get involved in, and as he's in his fifties, I'm becoming worried. — *D.H. (Wimbledon)*

A: Whoa! You're saying more than you think, my dear! First things first: so he's in his fifties. Why ***should*** *that worry you? (Does he have a heart condition?) What's he supposed to do, put his tender part on ice? (I mean his brain!) Happy is the couple, as they say, who keeps on exploring sex and desire with each other – keeping their minds open.*

All right, so it sounds as if he hasn't been exploring things with ***you****. Is it possible that you haven't exactly encouraged him to, by your attitudes? (Before you turn me off, just have a think about it).* ***If*** *you're one of those people who find themselves saying, "At your age?", then...*

Have a talk with him, and explain that you saw the magazines (also what you were doing in the toolshed!) – and ask him about his interest in them. Ask, don't yell – and listen. You want to find out what's on his mind, and take stock of both your needs. Don't forget, not everyone wants to put in practice everything that's read. Sometimes, it's enough of a turn-on just to look, and fantasise.

Now, you've used the term 'nauseating'. I don't know what makes you sick. I do have to say that if the pictures show children, or any kind of degradation, victimisation or violence, that's another matter. (In that case, write to me again.)

Q: I'm 21 years old and incredibly shy. I've never been out with a girl, much less got one into bed. I wrote to someone in one of those tabloid papers, but she suggested I join an amateur dramatics group or table-tennis club! But I'm too shy to even do that. I just sit at home all night wanking myself silly over Knave. I'm afraid I'll end up like one of those sad old men who hang around shopping precincts. — *M.S., (Chesterfield)*

A: Now, now, pet. It's a brand new year. To be fair, the idea of an amateur dramatics group isn't a bad idea – you can choose backstage activities like props and lighting if you don't fancy the spotlight, it gets you out of yourself (as a hundred famous actors have testified, over the years), and the women who hang out there are pretty special! (Of course I'm prejudiced – I started out that way, a long – well, not ***that*** *long time ago!) The point was – any real interest, there's a group who bands together to do it...*

'Shy' also means self-centred, to the extent that you think everyone's looking at you, considering you, judging you 24-hours-a-day. Just ain't so – people are thinking about themselves, and how ***they're*** *coming across! You'd be mad not to constantly remind yourself of that fact.*

I know it's not the answer. But you want magic – and it can only come if you stick your nose out (the rest comes later!) and ***risk****. What's the worst that can happen? Someone doesn't take the bait. Someone isn't interested. So what? Someone else will. There are a million women out there in the naked city, not one of which will come to your door to meet you if you're busy having it off with yourself. Get a likewise shy mate to go out for the evening with you (and lunch-time if you're working where there are a lot of women) – local pub, disco (you don't have to worry about talking, if you're dancing), whatever. As my younger brother decided years ago (you should see him now!), the more you meet, the more likely* ***one*** *says yes! There's no other way. Get good at something, like a sport, or a musical instrument,* ***something*** *– it gives you the confidence to take on bigger game.*

Q: I've been getting a pale pink vaginal discharge every couple of weeks, Bette — but I'm terrified to go to my GP, in case my husband, who works abroad a lot, has passed something on to me. I know he sleeps around. — *S.H., (Sweden).*

A: Oh, that makes sense. You'd rather stay frightened ***not*** *knowing, and risk the* ***possibility*** *of something serious, by not going? Christ, woman – wouldn't you want to* ***know*** *if something were "passed on"? Grow up and get your head out of the sand. Your sexual arrangements with your hot-to-trot husband are your business, but it's not your duty to pay the cost if he's been infected. I can't diagnose, sweetie, only a doctor can. She can reassure you, or straighten it out. Get your ass over there and take care of yourself...then take care of him!*

Q: My wife's sex-drive is — well, driving me crazy! One week she's all over me — the next, she treats me like I've got a disease! She's been under a lot of stress, lately, but is this normal? — *J.A., (Strathclyde)*

A: Stress can make things worse, but the first thing I'd do – yeah, yeah, broken record – is talk to her. She may or may not realise her ups and downs are the unusual. You don't say how old she is, so I can't automatically point the finger at hormones, though it's possible they're out of whack. She might find it informative (so would her GP, who she should see) to chart her reactions for a couple of months.

Q: Recently I've become involved with a man who has been teasing me about my breasts. I'd had no complaints before, and feel that their size is, although on the small size, perfectly adequate. He wants me to have them bigger. I don't want to lose him, but feel confused. — *K.J., (Cleveland).*

A: About what? Having them done or heaving him out? Do ***you*** *want your breasts bigger? A decision to carve up your body has to be made because you're unhappy with what you've got. No other reason! If he leaves you because of the size of your breasts, what does that say about him? And you're stuck with the damn things if he wanders... unless the next man wants them smaller, and you go back to the surgeon...Tell him I said it's unkind to tease women about their bodies. Then poke a little fun at his bits, explaining what* ***you'd*** *like him to change!*

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

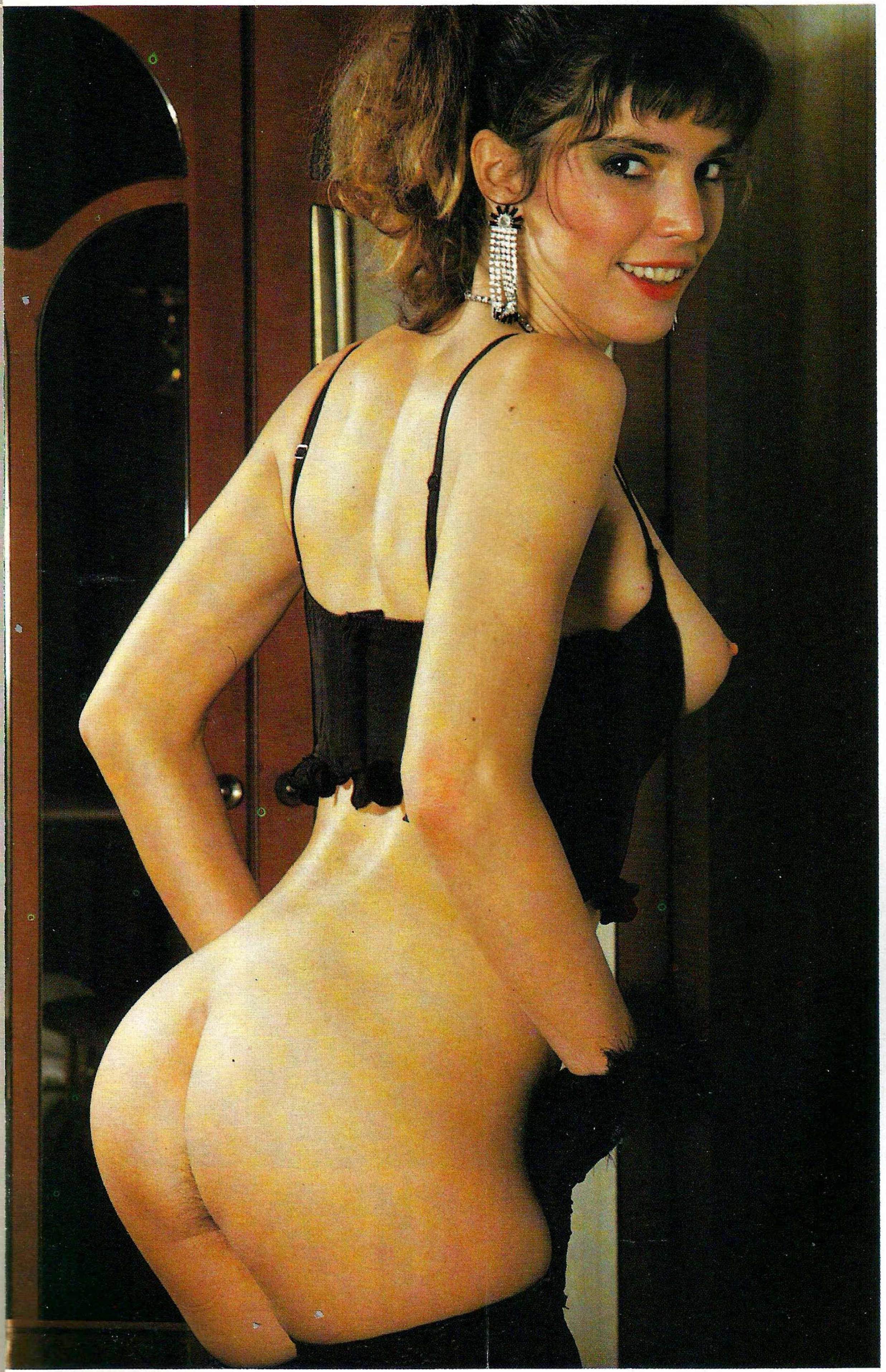
Here's a nice pink one! Actually, you at the back, I was referring to the decor! Barbara means "beautiful stranger", and it's about time that this stranger came knocking on my door to ask for directions. I'm sure I could show her the way.

BARBARA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARTH RICARD.

Barbara's debut as a model came about by accident. She used to empty the shredder in the Knave office. One day, she leaned a little too far over the machine and, horrors, her dress ended up looking like a plate of spaghetti. The rest, as they say, is history...

And just to show you that we cater for class of every sort, here's Lila flashing her gems around for all to see. I'm not sure about the significance of the black furry gloves, but who gives a toss anyway?



Lila genorously offered the elegant surroundings of her own bijou drawing room for this session, which pleased our photographer immensely because, he says, he's getting tired of working with miles of net curtain, Oxfam reject furniture and piggy-bank budgets. That's the trouble with these creative types – when it comes to the crunch, they've no imagination...

LILA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEOFF HAYES

AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

MICHAELA FINN

This month's newcomer is Michaela, who we reckon is a real knockout. As you might guess from her surname, Michaela's from Eire, where she's had numerous jobs, including a dental assistant, motor mechanic and sheperdess. Now, it seems, she's found her true vocation and we hope to be seeing a lot more of her in the future.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES FREEMAN

SALLY

WANTED GIRLS!

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

Knave is always on the look out for likely lasses for our Amateur Model of the Month feature! As long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine, girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature. All we want is three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the girls look their best. We pay our Amateur Models £200 for their day's work at our studio, and we pay £25 to the photographers for sending us their polaroids or prints. A career in glamour modelling could start right here...

MODEL'S NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE OF BIRTH ....
SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....
SIGNATURE ....

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, PO BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ

SHIVANI

A night out at the Grievous Bodily Arms for the first person who can tell me how many times we've seen Shivani gracing this venerable organ. Who can count that high? Who cares anyway – she's a little belter...

Regardless of all the dross you've probably read about Shivani before, believe what comes next, because it's the truth. Shivani started her professional life wanting to be an air-hostess but, quite honestly, she was a bit little to be fending off drunken passengers. Now she spends her time fending off drunken editors. Life's a riddle, isn't it?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW.

Enter Sally, a lady who's been responsible for more soggy cotton than anyone else in the history of nocturnal emission, and what's more, she doesn't even care! "Nature gave me the goods," she says with more assertiveness than is decent in one so young, "So I might as well use 'em!" Has anyone got an ice-cube handy?

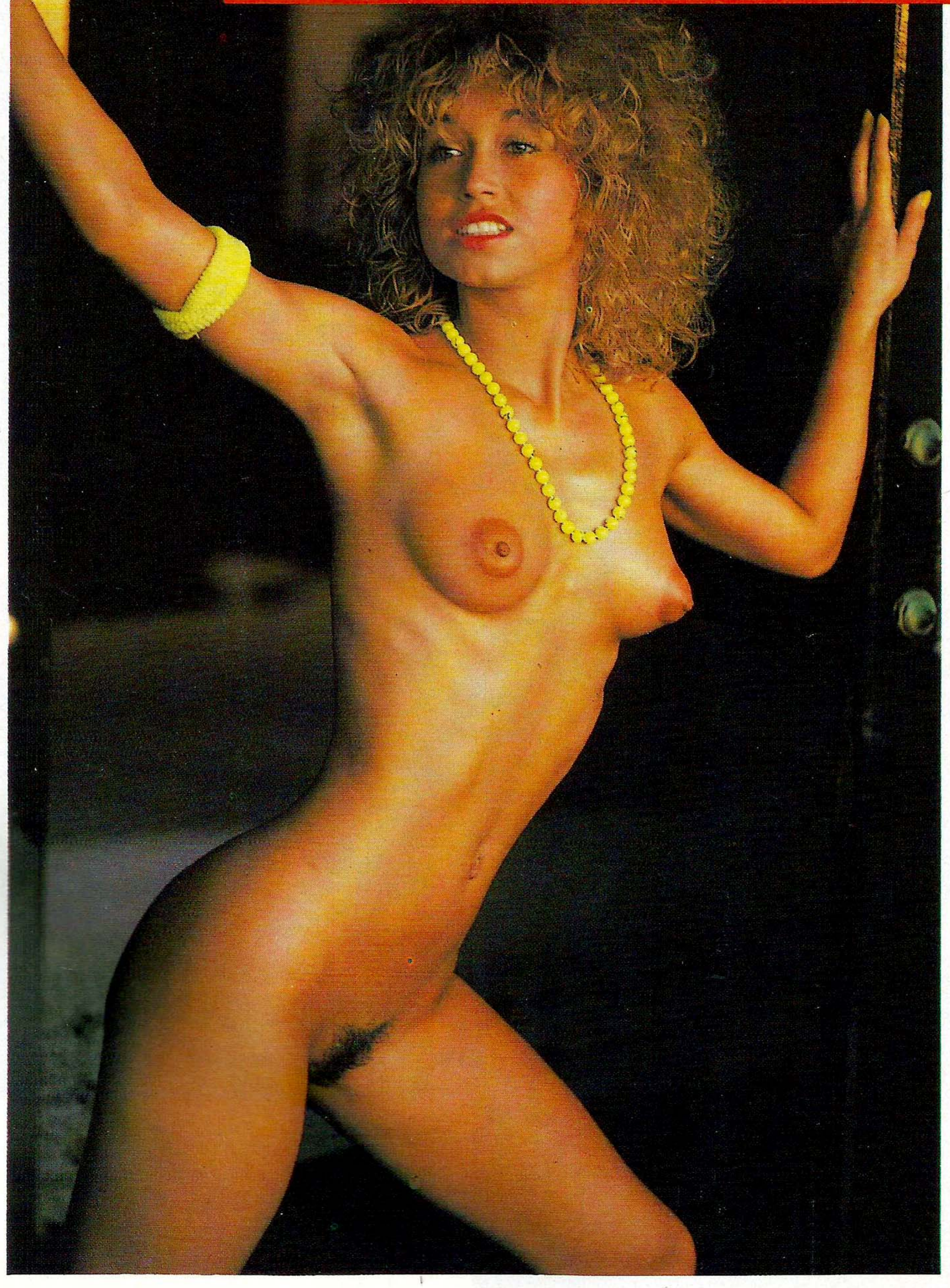
Sally is our token 'Little Miss Innocent' for this month - all white knickers and 'butter wouldn't melt' expressions. Not even the obligatory string of pearls can detract from her Lolita-look; but, if we're to believe the stories she whispered in our ear, appearances are, in her case, very deceptive! Her stories, though, we're keeping to ourselves. So there!

KNAVE
SHIVANI

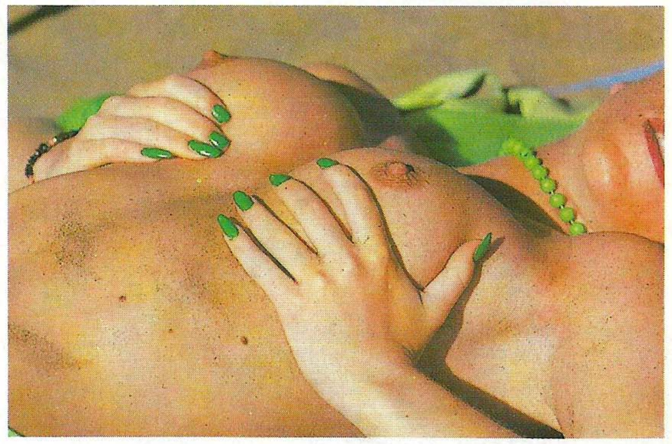
PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Who's a lucky reader, then? Just when you thought that Nature had screwed up by only giving you two hands, we've come up with the answer. Not one, not two, but *three* gorgeous girlies, all on the same pages. Without going into the gory details, just think how much time you'll be saving by not having to turn pages...

Tiki, Hala and Treen are three sisters from a bit further North than Barnsley – namely, Stockholm. They tell us (though our Swedish is a bit rusty) that they are having trouble getting work because they always insist on doing everything in threes. Now, if I can just work out where the queue starts...



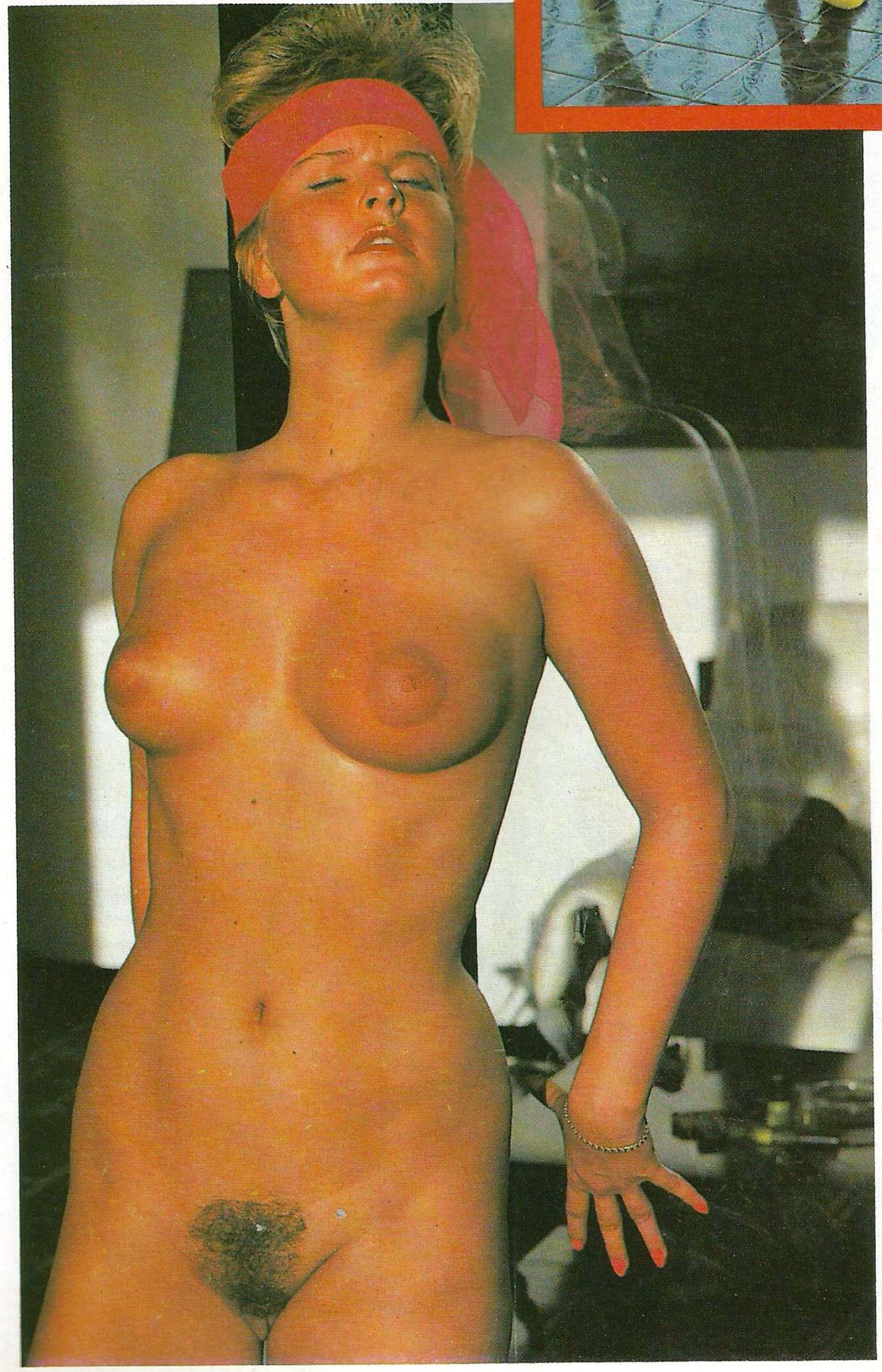
TIKI



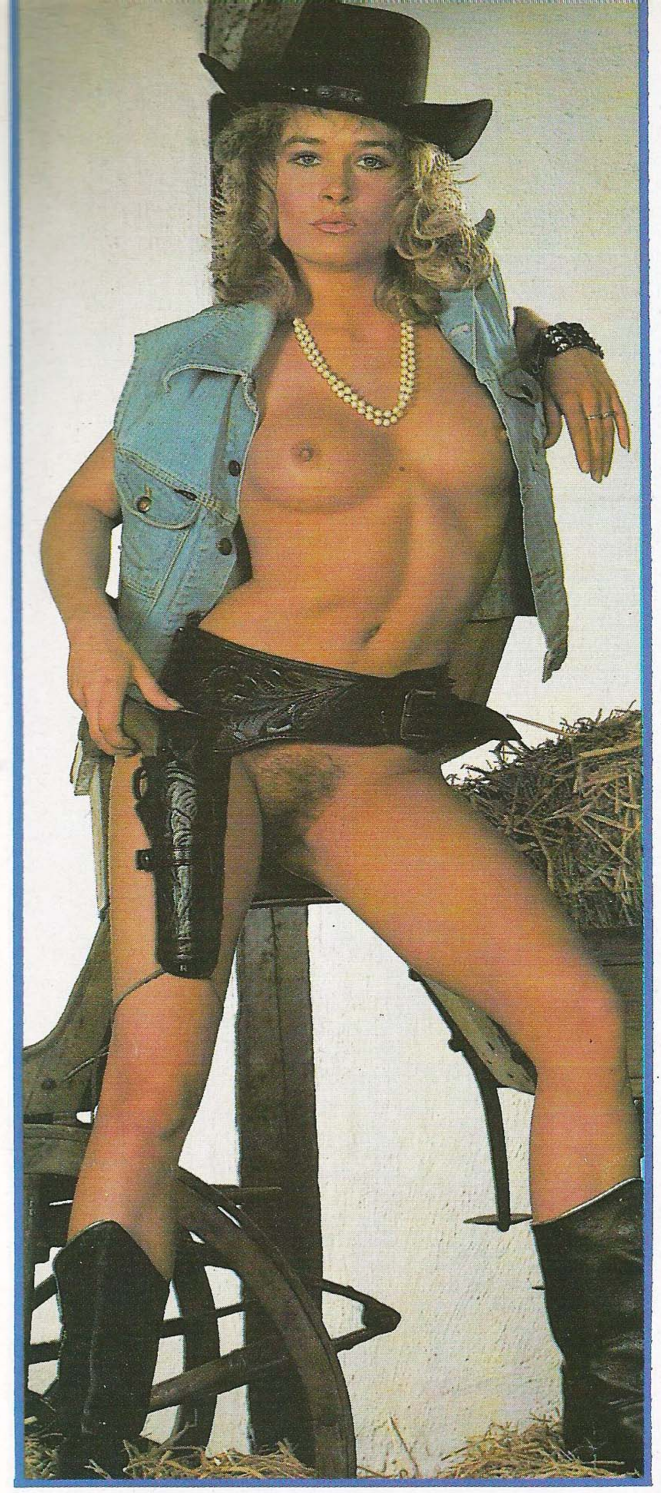
HALA

TREEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAG OHRLUND

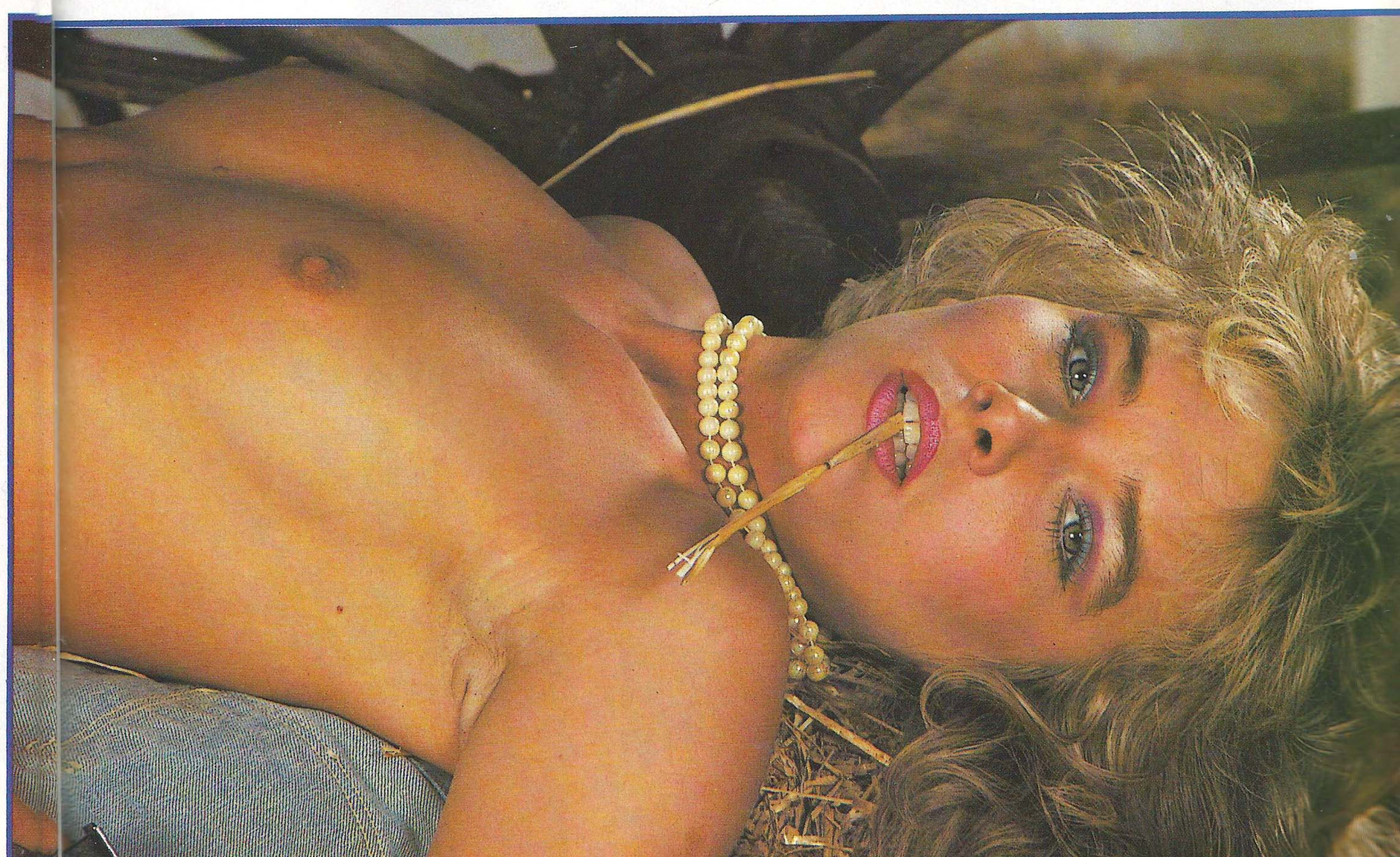


TRIXIE



It was way back in Knave Vol. 19 No. 8 when we last saw Trixie. Apparently, she was responsible for the Knave team of the day being subjected to some pretty heavy questioning by the boys in blue. That could never happen today — nope... never! Will somebody please let that constable in!

Trixie's originally from Basingstoke, where she used to work on her father's market vegetable stall. Therefore, she claims, she's always felt at home whenever she comes to the Knave studio. It's all above *my* head...



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO